

AN INTERMEDIATE COURSE
IN
MODERN ENGLISH

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INTRODUCTION

THIS little book of selections from standard authors has been compiled principally for use in Indian Intermediate Colleges. Among the recommendations made by the Calcutta University Commission of 1917-1919, and perhaps the most important, were those which concerned the Intermediate Classes of Universities. The suggestion that these should be removed from University jurisdiction has already been acted upon by several provincial governments, and separate Intermediate Colleges have been established or provisional arrangements have been made for relieving Universities of what is now recognised to be preparatory work. The step thus taken marks a definite advance. But the hopes inspired by it are unlikely to be fulfilled unless the old Courses are reconstructed and the whole method of teaching is placed upon a broader and more liberal basis. This was clearly recognised by the Commission, and in their Report published in 1919 they emphasised the necessity for a careful reconsideration of the whole curriculum. English was naturally a subject upon which they had many suggestions to offer. It was agreed that all Indian students at this stage of their educational career would find it necessary to study

English for many years to come : and this view has been concurred in recently by at least one Provincial Board which has the control of Intermediate Education. But in recommending English as a compulsory subject the Report drew a sharp distinction between the teaching of it as a language and as literature. While fully recognising the cultural value of the latter the Commission considered that the Courses had hitherto been too literary and bookish. For the future teaching should be more practical. What the student required was a grasp of the language as a working medium of expression, so that whatever his line of study in the University, if he proceeded thither, or his vocation in life, he would be able to express his thoughts readily and exactly in the English language. To this end attention should be paid chiefly to précis writing and the composing of essays. In addition, it was desirable that students should "study with care a few selected books chosen for the pureness and directness of their style."

In regard to the Intermediate College curriculum as a whole, the Commission laid special stress upon the inclusion in it of as many cultural subjects as time and circumstances should permit.

In compiling this little book we have attempted to meet these new conditions and new requirements. In making selections our choice has been guided entirely by practical considerations. The first of these was that the English should be modern and familiar ; such language as the student might himself be able to use, such as might be of genuine assistance to him in expressing his thought in his life and his

work. So we have confined our selection to nineteenth-century writers, and have not hesitated to alter words and phrases where these were either archaic in flavour or obsolete in meaning. But while admitting that our aim has been definitely *not* literary we desire not to be misunderstood. Our criterion in choosing a passage has been honest, accurate, and vivid expression of honest observation; and no author has been included who is not an acknowledged master of the subject upon which he writes.

The subject matter is as varied as the limits of the book permit. Our principal object here is to widen the student's outlook, to introduce as much general knowledge as possible into his reading of English, and to familiarise him with such matters of everyday experience as have at the same time a cultural value. The importance of Geography in modern education is now thoroughly established. This has been recognised by the inclusion of a comparatively large number of passages descriptive of widely-differing scenery, manners and racial types (*e.g.* The Desert, Damascus, The Forest of Para, Ilyas, St. Francis of Assisi, etc.). For a similar reason we have not confined ourselves to English literature. One passage has been chosen from a French, a Classical Greek and a Bengali writer, two from Russian, and two from American authors. The choice of Russian literature is an innovation and, in spite of its recent vogue in India and the acknowledged literary pre-eminence of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky,¹ the writers from whom our selections are taken,

¹ These two passages have been translated into English by H. S. Walker.

probably needs some explanation. Past experience has shown that the Indian student frequently finds the greatest difficulty in comprehending Western ideals as presented to him in English authors. Possibly these have not always been happily chosen. But certainly much misunderstanding has arisen. The widespread belief in India that a spirit of materialism underlies all Western civilisation is one unhappy result, for which the method of teaching English in Indian schools and colleges must be held partially responsible. Now in Russian literature there is a mingling of the spirit and ideals of East and West ; it suggests itself therefore as a natural medium through which the thought and civilisation of the West may be communicated to the East. The attempt at least seems to us worth making.

One section of the book it will be noticed has been devoted to the literature of science. A common complaint in the past has been that the requirements of science students have not been duly considered in the English courses laid down for the Intermediate Classes. We hope that this section will go some way towards meeting their needs, and that the passages which have all been selected for their simple and direct style will serve them as useful models of expression. But in planning this section we had another object also in view : it was not our intention that it should be used exclusively by students of science. The Calcutta University Commission were emphatically of opinion that all Arts students " before entrance to the University . . . should have obtained some insight into the methods of science." In these

days no scheme of education can be called adequate which does not enable the pupil at least to grasp the meaning of the scientific outlook. On the other hand, the difficulty of providing a special course of science for all students entering the University is almost insurmountable. The short course of reading in scientific literature included here we suggest as in some measure a possible means of supplying the deficiency. The notes to this section have been made especially full, and it is hoped that with the help thus given no teacher will experience any difficulty in imparting the subject matter to his pupils.

Special attention is also drawn to the quantity of dialogue which the book contains (cf. the passages from Borrow, Thoreau, Marryat, Scott, Tolstoy, *Alpha of the Plough*, etc.). It is hardly necessary to emphasise the importance of learning colloquial speech in the attempt to master a language. But, since the teaching of English by more practical methods is to be insisted upon in future, teachers may be reminded of the great value of dialogues, debates, etc., as exercises. They are not only interesting but are the readiest means of enabling the pupil to gain command of the idiomatic spoken language. In this book will be found abundant models for such exercises.

A word in conclusion may be added in regard to the notes. These and the introductions to passages have been written chiefly for the teacher. They are not intended to supersede the dictionary. They are largely descriptive, and wherever possible, particularly in the scientific passages, references have been made to facts that are likely to come within the observation

of the students themselves. But our primary intention has been to *explain* the text, not to give additional facts to be memorized.

In offering this little book to teachers in India and perhaps elsewhere, we trust that it will fulfil the purpose we have had constantly in view, to teach that most valuable and difficult lesson—that to write well one must first observe honestly, and then set down honestly what has been observed: or, as R. L. Stevenson has admirably expressed it in one of his essays, “In all narrative there is only one way to be clever, and that is to be exact.”

I. EDUCATION

THEREFORE, first teach—as I have said in the preface to *Unto This Last*—"The Laws of Health, and exercises enjoined by them"; and, to this end, your schools must be in the fresh country and amidst fresh air, and have great extents of land attached to them. Riding, running, all the honest, personal exercises of offence and defence, and music, should be the primal heads of this bodily education.

Next to these bodily accomplishments, the two great mental graces should be taught, Reverence and Compassion: not that these are in a literal sense to be "taught," for they are innate in every well-born human creature, but they have to be developed exactly as the strength of the body must be, by deliberate and constant exercise. I never understood why Goethe says that reverence is not innate, but must be taught from without; it seems to me so fixedly a function of the human spirit, that if men can get nothing else to reverence they will worship a man, or an idol, or a vegetable.

But to teach reverence rightly is to attach it to the right persons and things; first, by setting over your youth masters whom they cannot but love and respect; next, by gathering for them, out of past

history, whatever has been most worthy in human deeds and human passion; and leading them continually to dwell upon such instances; and, lastly, by letting them justly feel, as far as may be, the smallness of their own powers and knowledge, as compared with the attainments of others.

Compassion, on the other hand, is to be taught chiefly by making it a point of honour, along with courage, and in the same rank (as it is indeed the complement and evidence of courage), so that, in the code of unwritten school law, it shall be held as shameful to have done a cruel thing as a cowardly one. All infliction of pain on weaker creatures is to be condemned as unmanly crime; and every possible opportunity taken to exercise the youths in offices of some practical help, and to acquaint them with the realities of the distress which, in their youthful enthusiasm for the joys of life, it is so difficult for those who have not seen suffering at home to conceive.

Reverence then and compassion, we are to teach primarily, and with these, as the bond and guardian of them, truth of spirit and word, of thought and sight. Truth, earnest and passionate, sought for like a treasure, and kept like a crown.

This teaching of truth as a habit will be the chief work the master has to do; and it will enter into all parts of education. First, you must accustom the children to close accuracy of statement; this both as a principle of honour, and as an accomplishment of language, making them try always who shall speak truest, both as regards the fact he has to relate or express (not concealing or exaggerating), and as

regards the precision of the words he expresses it in, thus making truth (which, indeed, it is) the test of perfect language, and giving the intensity of a moral purpose to the study and art of words : then carrying this accuracy into all habits of thought and observation also, so as always to *think* of things as they truly are, and to *see* them as they really are, as far as in us rests. And it does rest much in our power, for all false thoughts and seeings come mainly of our thinking of what we have no business with, and looking for things we want to see, instead of things that ought to be seen.

“ Do not talk but of what you know ; do not think but of what you have materials to think justly upon ; and do not look for things only that you like, when there are others to be seen ”—this is the lesson to be taught to our youth, and inbred in them ; and that mainly by our own example and self-control. Never teach a child anything of which you are not yourself sure ; and, above all, if you feel anxious to force anything into its mind in tender years, that the virtue of youth and early association may fasten it there, be sure it is no lie which you thus sanctify. There is always more to be taught of absolute, incontrovertible knowledge, open to its capacity, than any child can learn ; there is no need to teach it anything doubtful. Better that it should be ignorant of a thousand truths, than have consecrated in its heart a single lie. ✓

And for this, as well as for many other reasons, the principal subjects of education, after history, ought to be natural science and mathematics ; but with respect to these studies, your schools will require to

be divided into three groups: one for children who will probably have to live in cities, one for those who will live in the country, and one for those who will live at sea; the schools for these last, of course, being always placed on the coast. And for children whose life is to be in cities, the subjects of study should be, as far as their disposition will allow of it, mathematics and the arts; for children who are to live in the country, natural history of birds, insects, and plants, together with agriculture taught practically; and for children who are to be seamen, physical geography, astronomy, and the natural history of sea fish and sea birds.

JOHN RUSKIN, *Time and Tide*.

The chief vices of education have arisen from the one great fallacy of supposing that noble language is a communicable trick of grammar and accent, instead of simply the careful expression of right thought. All the virtues of language are, in their roots, moral; it becomes accurate if the speaker desires to be true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; powerful, if he has earnestness; pleasant, if he has sense of rhythm and order. There are no other virtues of language producible by art than these: but let me mark more deeply for an instant the significance of one of them. Language, I said, is only clear when it is sympathetic. You can, in truth, understand a man's word only by understanding his temper. Your own word is also like an unknown tongue to him unless he understands yours. And it is this which makes the art of language, if any one is

to be chosen separately from the rest, that which is fittest for the instrument of a gentleman's education.

To teach the meaning of a word thoroughly, is to teach the nature of the spirit that coined it; the secret of language is the secret of sympathy, and its full charm is possible only to the gentle. And thus beautiful speech is always the outcome of sincere and kindly speech. False speech, apparently beautiful, may be constructed on principles imitated from those out of which sincere and truly beautiful speech has arisen; but all such utterance, whether in oration or poetry, is not only without permanent power, but it is destructive of the principles of sincerity it has usurped. So long as no words are uttered but in faithfulness, so long the art of language goes on exalting itself; but the moment it is shaped on external principles, it falls into frivolity, and perishes.

And this truth would have been long ago manifest, had it not been that at certain periods there is always a tendency to deny the sincerity of the first masters of language. Once learn to write gracefully in the manner of an ancient author, and we are apt to think that he also wrote in the manner of someone else. But no noble nor right style was ever yet founded but out of a sincere heart.

No man is worth reading to form your style, who does not mean what he says; nor was any great style ever invented but by some man who meant what he said. Find out the beginner of a great manner of writing, and you have also found the declarer of some true facts or sincere passions: and your whole method of reading will thus be quickened, for, being sure that

your author really meant what he said, you will be much more careful to ascertain what it is that he means.

And of yet greater importance is it deeply to know that every beauty possessed by the language of a nation is significant of the innermost laws of its being. Keep the temper of the people stern and manly; make their associations grave, courteous, and for worthy objects; occupy them in just deeds; and their tongue must needs be a grand one. Nor is it possible, therefore, that any tongue should be a noble one, of which the words are not so many trumpet-calls to action. All great languages invariably utter great things, and command them; they cannot be mimicked but by obedience; the breath of them is inspiration because it is not only vocal, but vital; and you can only learn to speak as these men spoke, by becoming what these men were.

JOHN RUSKIN, *Lectures on Art*.

John Ruskin (1819-1900) is one of the great teachers of art and life to the modern world. He held that no nation which is not truly healthy and great can produce great art, and he was, therefore, impelled to stray from his special subject, that of art criticism, to propound his conception of a liberal education and a sound sociology. The first passage is from *Time and Tide*, a series of letters to an English working man in 1867, when the extension of the franchise in England had concentrated his attention on the importance of sound views on education for the new voters. The second passage is from *Lectures on Art* delivered by Ruskin in 1870 as professor of fine art at the University of Oxford. *Unto this Last*, 1862, consists of four papers, originally contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*.

p. 1, l. 6. **personal exercises of offence and defence.** All those healthy exercises in which a man is engaged either in defending his body or attacking an opponent. Ruskin is probably mainly thinking of boxing and fencing, but the words might equally apply to most out-door games.

p. 1, l. 16. **Goethe says that reverence is not innate.** In *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, chap. x.

p. 1, l. 17. **it seems to me so fixedly a function of the spirit.** To regard some person or thing with awe seems to be one of the deepest instincts in man, to belong to his very nature.

p. 2, l. 20. **Reverence then and compassion . . . like a crown.** It is important for the young to be taught reverence and sympathy for others; but they will be unable to retain these unless they can also be taught to be sincere in their principles (truth of spirit) and in the words they speak, to set a value upon thinking clearly, and seeing things as they actually are (truth of sight). Truth should be sought for seriously and with the whole heart and soul, and when discovered should be preserved as the most valuable of all a man's possessions. A crown = the symbol of royal power, the most coveted of all worldly honours.

p. 2, l. 29. **as an accomplishment of language.** It is not easy to express exactly what you mean in words: it can only be done after you have acquired considerable mastery over the language and a wide knowledge of the use of words.

p. 3, l. 3. **giving the intensity of a moral purpose to the study and art of words.** They should be taught to regard the study of words and skill in their use with the same respect as they regard good conduct.

p. 3, l. 22. **be sure it is no lie which you thus sanctify.** The child believes readily and without suspicion what you tell it. An idea which enters a child's mind and is connected with its earliest experience of the world remains more firmly fixed there than later ideas—the idea becomes as it were sacred, believed in with the strongest faith (the word "consecrated" later in the passage is used in

the same sense). The teacher should beware therefore not to impart false notions to the child in these early years.

p. 4, l. 17. **a communicable trick of grammar and accent.** It has been commonly supposed, quite erroneously, that a teacher can impart to a pupil the power of expressing his thoughts in stately and impressive language merely by making him proficient in the grammar of the language and teaching him correct pronunciation.

p. 4, l. 19. **all the virtues . . . moral.** Language whether spoken or written can only possess good qualities if the speaker or writer himself possesses those qualities. Examples of these are given in the second part of the sentence.

p. 4, l. 24. **producible by art.** Art by itself is incapable of adding any other good qualities to those enumerated above.

p. 4, l. 29. **temper**=temperament.

p. 5, l. 3. **To teach the meaning . . . gentle.** If you wish your pupils to understand the full meaning of a word you must show them the circumstances under which it first came into use, and the sense in which it was first used. Thus the word "spirit" in this passage originally meant "breath" and its various subsequent senses are all derived from that. Only one who has a real appreciation of the full meaning of words can use them effectively.

p. 5, l. 19. **at certain periods . . . masters of language.** During periods when there are few original writers, and good writing is supposed to consist in imitating the style and manner of the great writers of earlier times, people come to believe that these great writers themselves imitated the language of others and did not express their own thoughts in their own special way.

p. 5, l. 32. **will thus be quickened.** Lit. "be made to live"—so "will have a real value or purpose for you."

p. 6, l. 5. **every beauty . . . laws of its being.** Every beautiful word or manner of expression in a language is an indication of a corresponding virtue in the character of the nation that speaks it. Examples of these follow.

p. 6, l. 12. **trumpet-calls to action.** If the language is a noble one it will inspire the speakers of it to noble deeds, because the words themselves suggest noble feelings and ideals.

p. 6, l. 14. **command them**—bring them into existence.

p. 6, l. 14. **they cannot be mimicked . . . vital.** You cannot reproduce really great language by merely imitating noble passages ; your language will be great if you really feel and possess (are obedient to) the high ideals which inspired it. Great language is inspiring not only because it is high-sounding but because it actually communicates lofty thoughts and ideals.

ahead in every battle.

II. THE CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN

HENCE it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both noble and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him ; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature : like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them.

The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he associates ;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment ; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company ; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd ; he can recollect to whom he is speaking ; he guards against unseasonable

allusions, or topics which may irritate ; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is unwilling to impute motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil, which he dare not say out.

From a far-seeing prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too tolerant to bear malice.

He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles ; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds ; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust ; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere

shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits.

If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to reject its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and tenderness of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

J. H. NEWMAN, *Idea of a University*.

John Henry Newman (1801-1890) was the foremost religious writer and preacher of his century. Originally an Anglican clergyman, he was received into the Catholic Church in 1845, and towards the close of a long life he was created Cardinal. Newman had a rare power of expressing himself, his ideals, position and spiritual experiences sincerely, clearly and exactly. His famous delineation of a "gentleman" is a faithful presentment of himself, and especially of his own bearing to opponents in the controversies into which he was drawn in defence of his new Church.

p. 10, l. 4. removing the obstacles . . . himself. The chief concern of the gentleman is simply to put all who come in contact with him at their ease, everything they do he accepts as natural and proper, he does not attempt

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to set them right or impose his own thoughts or manners on them.

p. 10, l. 21. **distant**=people who are reserved, who do not readily form an intimacy.

p. 10, l. 22. **merciful towards the absurd**. He shows a kindly disposition towards those who behave in a ridiculous fashion, he refrains from making them conscious of their absurd behaviour.

p. 10, l. 23. **unseasonable allusions**. He is careful not to refer to matters which may cause pain or annoyance to those present.

p. 11, l. 9. **little**=small minded, mean spirited.

p. 11, l. 10. **never mistakes personalities . . . arguments**. He never makes the mistake of supposing that a contemptuous remark aimed at one's opponent or a harsh or biting remark helps an argument.

p. 11, l. 19. **on philosophical principles**. The study of philosophy is supposed to produce a calm and serene temperament. So here, his naturally calm temperament leads him to be patient, etc.

p. 11, l. 23. **his disciplined intellect . . . educated minds**. He has all his faculties under complete control: so in argument he never makes the mistake of being rude or abrupt; people who do this may be cleverer than he intellectually, but they show thereby that they are less cultured.

p. 11, l. 31. **he is as simple . . . decisive**. The arguments he uses may be simple but they are convincing, they may be short but they settle the question.

p. 12, l. 2. **he throws . . . opponents**. He has imagination: *i.e.* he can put himself into the mind of his opponent and understand why he holds certain opinions he does.

p. 12, l. 5. **its province**. He knows when and on what subjects the reasoning faculty of man can be brought into operation with profit.

p. 12, l. 17. **attendant on civilisation**=is the product of civilisation. Civilisation refines the feelings.

III. A POET'S ESTIMATE OF HIS POETRY

COLEORTON,

May 21, 1807.

MY DEAR LADY BEAUMONT,

Though I am to see you so soon, I cannot but write a word or two, to thank you for the interest you take in my poems, as evinced by your anxiety about their immediate reception. I write partly to thank you for this, and to express the pleasure it has given me, and partly to remove any uneasiness from your mind which the disappointments you sometimes meet with, in this labour of love, may occasion. I see that you have many battles to fight for me—more than, in the ardour and confidence of your pure and elevated mind, you had ever thought of being summoned to; but be assured that this opposition is nothing more than what I distinctly foresaw that you and my other friends would have to encounter. I say this, not to give myself credit for an eye of prophecy, but to allay any vexatious thoughts on my account which this opposition may have produced in you.

• It is impossible that any expectations can be lower than mine concerning the immediate effect of my

little book upon what is called the public. I do not here take into consideration the envy and malevolence, and all the bad passions which always stand in the way of a work of any merit from a living poet ; but merely think of the pure, absolute, honest ignorance in which all worldlings of every rank and situation must be enveloped, with respect to the thoughts, feelings and images on which the life of my poems depends. The things which I have taken, whether from within or without, what have they to do with dinners, morning calls, hurry from door to door, from street to street, on foot or in carriage ; with Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox or with political elections ? In a word what have they to do with the endless talking about things nobody cares anything for except as far as their own vanity is concerned ? What have they to do (to say all at once) with a life without love ? In such a life there can be no thought, for we have no thought (save thoughts of pain) but as far as we have love and admiration.

It is an awful truth, that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling for poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God.

Upon this I shall insist elsewhere ; at present let me confine myself to my object ; which is to make you, my dear friend, as easy-hearted as myself with

respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself upon their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves. I am well aware how far it would seem to many I overrate my own exertions, when I speak in this way, in direct connection with the volume I have just made public.

I am not, however, afraid of such censure, insignificant as probably the majority of those poems would appear to very respectable persons. I do not mean London wits and witlings, but grave, kindly-natured, worthy persons, who would be pleased if they could. I hope that these volumes are not without some recommendations, even for readers of this class: but their imagination has slept; and the voice which is the voice of my poetry, without imagination, cannot be heard. . . .

My letter (as this second sheet, which I am obliged to take, admonishes me) is growing to an enormous length; and yet, except that I have expressed my calm confidence that these poems will live, I have said nothing which has a particular application to the object of it, which was to remove all disquiet from your mind on account of the condemnation they may at present incur from that portion of my contemporaries who are called the public.

I am sure, my dear Lady Beaumont, if you attach any importance to it, it can only be from an apprehension that it may affect me, upon which I have already set you at ease ; or from a fear that this present blame is ominous of their future or final destiny. If this be the case, your tenderness for me betrays you.

Be assured that the decision of these persons has nothing to do with the question ; they are altogether incompetent judges. These people, in the senseless hurry of their idle lives, do not read books, they merely snatch a glance at them, that they may talk about them. And even if this were not so, never forget what, I believe, was observed to you by Coleridge, that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished ; he must teach the art by which he is to be seen ; this, in a certain degree, even to all persons, however wise and pure may be their lives, and however unvitiated their taste. But for those who dip into books in order to give an opinion of them, or talk about them to take up an opinion—for this multitude of unhappy, and misguided, and misguiding beings, an entire regeneration must be produced ; and if this be possible, it must be a work of time.

To conclude, my ears are stone-dead to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings ; and, after what I have said, I am sure yours will be the same. I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings (and among them these little poems) will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and

society, wherever found; and that they will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier. Farewell! I will not apologize for this letter, though its length demands an apology. Believe me, eagerly wishing for the happy day when I shall see you and Sir George here,

Most affectionately yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

Introduction. Sir George Beaumont and his wife were close friends of the poet **William Wordsworth** (1770-1850). During the years 1806-07 Wordsworth was staying at a farm-house at Coleorton in Leicestershire, lent to him by Sir George Beaumont, whose house and grounds were close by. The little book referred to in the letter was published in 1807 and contained, among other poems, *The Happy Warrior*. Wordsworth's early publications were very coldly received by the public, who were accustomed to the artificial style of poetry which had been popular in England for 150 years, and did not understand either Wordsworth's ideas or his new and apparently uncouth style. Nevertheless the poet was confident, as he explains in this letter, that ultimately their merits would be recognised. This passage is especially valuable as explaining how poetry influences men, and the value of that influence.

p. 14, l. 18. **eye of prophecy.** The ability to see into the future.

p. 15, l. 1. **what is called the public.** Wordsworth means here the reading public. Only sympathetic readers who took the trouble to understand his aims were likely to be pleased with his poetry. Besides, he desired and hoped that his poetry might eventually be read and appreciated by peasants and the lower classes, who would not in his time be considered as part of the reading public.

p. 15, l. 5. **honest ignorance.** Genuine ignorance, in contrast with the pretended ignorance of spiteful critics, who purposely misconstrue the poet's meaning.

p. 15, l. 9. **The things which I have taken . . . political**

elections. How can people engaged in the busy affairs of the world, in society or politics for example, appreciate the subjects presented in my poems? **From within or without**=thoughts and feelings of the poet, and the images and scenes which he describes.

Mr. Pitt. William Pitt had actually died on 23rd of January, 1806, but he here represents the Tory party. Charles James **Fox**, his chief opponent, a Whig, was a member of the Coalition Government which was in power when this letter was written.

p. 15, l. 17. **a life without love**—a selfish, self-seeking life. Wordsworth imagined that politicians and men of the world were for the most part heartless.

p. 16, l. 6. **gracious.** People of a kindly and courteous disposition.

p. 16, l. 7. **securely virtuous.** Wordsworth in this fine passage admirably explains the purpose and value of poetry. By refining the feelings and making men more sensitive to beauty and truth it influences their conduct which in its turn becomes refined (virtuous), and all fear that their instincts may lead them astray disappears. They acquire a sense of security as to their conduct.

p. 16, l. 17. **London wits and wittlings.** The cultured society of London, including the fashionable writers and critics. A wit=a person generally belonging to fashionable society who was noted for his clever conversation and power of repartee.

p. 16, l. 17. **grave, kindly-natured, worthy persons.** Probably Wordsworth here refers to such people as Lord Jeffrey (1773-1850), who severely criticised his poetry in the *Edinburgh Review*, not out of malice but simply because he preferred inferior poetry of the eighteenth-century kind and did not understand the new spirit in Wordsworth's poetry.

p. 16, l. 21. **imagination**=(1) the creative power of the mind, such as the poet displays when in his poetry he produces *new* thoughts or images, *e.g.* Hamlet is the creation of Shakespeare's imagination; (2) similar power which exists in a greater or less degree in all minds, which

when active enables them to appreciate the creations of men of genius—this is the sense in this passage. Cf. also II. note, p. 12, l. 2.

p. 17, l. 5. **ominous** = foreshadowing disaster or ill-fortune.

p. 17, l. 6. **betrays you** = leads you to make a mistake.

p. 17, l. 13. **Coleridge** (1772-1834) was a common friend of the Beaumonts and of Wordsworth. He was a philosopher, critic and poet.

p. 17, l. 15. **must himself create the . . . relished.** A writer who introduces a new style or new thought, as every great writer does, cannot hope to be understood or appreciated at once, he must first show people how to appreciate him (create the taste).

p. 17, l. 19. **unvitiating**—uncorrupted, unspoiled—so refined.

p. 17, l. 21. **to take up.** A rather unusual sense = to criticise, almost to contradict—they talk about a book merely to attack someone else's opinion about it.

p. 17, l. 23. **regeneration** = a change of heart or attitude.

IV. A POET'S INFLUENCE ON JOHN STUART MILL

THIS state of my thoughts and feelings made the fact of my reading Wordsworth for the first time (in the autumn of 1828) an important event of my life. I took up the collection of his poems from curiosity, with no expectation of mental relief from it, though I had before resorted to poetry with that hope. In the worst period of my depression, I had read through the whole of Byron (then new to me), to try whether a poet, whose peculiar department was supposed to be that of the intenser feelings, could rouse any feeling in me. As might be expected I got no good from this reading, but the reverse. The poet's state of mind was too like my own. His was the lament of a man who had worn out all pleasures, and who seemed to think that life, to all who possess the good things of it, must necessarily be the vapid, uninteresting thing which I found it. His Harold and Manfred had the same burden on them which I had: and I was not in a frame of mind to desire any comfort from the vehement passion of his Giaours or the sullenness of his Laras. But while Byron was exactly what did not suit my condition, Wordsworth was exactly what did. I had looked into the "Excursion" two or three

years before, and found little in it; and I should probably have found as little, had I read it at this time. But the miscellaneous poems, in the two-volume edition of 1815 (to which little of value was added in the latter part of the author's life), proved to be the precise thing for my mental wants at that particular juncture.

In the first place, these poems appealed powerfully to one of my strongest feelings, the love of rural objects and natural scenery; to which I had been indebted not only for much of the pleasure of my life, but quite recently for relief from one of my longest relapses into depression. In this power of rural beauty over me, there was a foundation laid for taking pleasure in Wordsworth's poetry; the more so, as his scenery lies mostly among mountains, which, owing to my early Pyrenean excursion, were my ideal of natural beauty.

But Wordsworth would never have had any great effect on me, if he had merely placed before me beautiful pictures of natural scenery. Scott does this still better than Wordsworth, and a very second-rate landscape does it more effectually than any poet. What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed, not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and of thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to produce that very culture of the feelings, which I was in quest of. In them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure, which could be shared in by all human beings; which had no connection with

struggle or imperfection, but would be made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. From them I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness, when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed. And I felt myself at once better and happier as I came under their influence.

There have certainly been, even in our own age, greater poets than Wordsworth ; but poetry of deeper and loftier feeling could not have done for me at that time what his did. I needed to be made to feel that there was real, permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation. Wordsworth taught me this, not only without turning away from, but with a greatly increased interest in, the common feelings and common destiny of human beings.

And the delight which these poems gave me, proved that with culture of this sort, there was nothing to dread from the most confirmed habit of analysis.— At the conclusion of the Poems came the famous Ode, "Intimations of Immortality": in which along with more than his usual sweetness of melody and rhythm, and along with the two passages of grand imagery so often quoted, I found that he too had had similar experience to mine ; that he also had felt that the first freshness of youthful enjoyment of life was not lasting ; but that he had sought for compensation, and found it, in the way in which he was now teaching me to find it.—

The result was that I gradually, but completely, emerged from my habitual depression, and was never again subject to it. I long continued to value Words-

worth less according to his intrinsic merits, than by the measure of what he had done for me. Compared with the greatest poets, he may be said to be the poet of unpoetical natures, possessed of quiet and contemplative tastes. But unpoetical natures are precisely those which require poetic cultivation. This cultivation Wordsworth is much more fitted to give, than poets who are intrinsically far more poets than he.

It so fell out that the merits of Wordsworth were the occasion of my first public declaration of my new way of thinking, and separation from those of my habitual companions who had not undergone a similar change. The person with whom at that time I was most in the habit of comparing notes was Roebuck and I induced him to read Wordsworth, in whom he also at first seemed to find much to admire: but I, like most Wordsworthians, threw myself into strong antagonism to Byron, whose writings he regarded as the poetry of human life, while Wordsworth's, according to him, was that of flowers and butterflies.

We agreed to have the fight out at our Debating Society, where we accordingly discussed for two evenings the comparative merits of Byron and Wordsworth, propounding and illustrating by long recitations our respective theories of poetry.

This was the first debate on any weighty subject in which Roebuck and I had been on opposite sides. The gulf between us widened from this time more and more, though we continued for some years longer to be companions. In the beginning, our chief divergence related to the cultivation of the feelings.

Roebuck was a lover of poetry and of most of the fine arts. He took great pleasure in music, in dramatic performances, especially in painting, and himself drew landscapes with great facility and beauty. But he never could be made to see that these things have any value as aids in the formation of character.

He saw little good in any cultivation of the feelings, and none at all in cultivating them through the imagination. It was in vain I urged on him that the imaginative emotion which an idea, when vividly conceived, excites in us, is not an illusion but a fact, as real as any other of the qualities of objects and is quite consistent with the most accurate knowledge and most perfect practical recognition of all its physical and intellectual laws and relations. The intensest feeling of the beauty of a cloud lighted by the setting sun, is no hindrance to my knowing that the cloud is vapour of water, subject to all the laws of vapours in a state of suspension; and I am just as likely to allow for, and act on, these physical laws whenever there is occasion to do so, as if I had been incapable of perceiving any distinction between beauty and ugliness.

JOHN STUART MILL, *Autobiography*.

This passage from the autobiography of **John Stuart Mill** (1806-1873) is interesting, first, as showing the growing popularity which Wordsworth confidently predicted for his poetry (cf. III., p. 16, l. 3), and, secondly, as showing the reasons of that popularity. He was appreciated for his intense love of nature and his beautiful presentation of it: for his gravity, sincerity, his deep interest in "the spiritual side of common life," his exalted philosophical thought (as in the Ode mentioned below), and also for his

strong, pure and usually simple style. Wordsworth's belief that nature could not only become a source of joy and comfort to man, but was also capable of refining the feelings and so also the conduct, attracted men like Mill who were engaged in purely speculative studies. It became a kind of religion with them.

p. 21, l. 8. **Byron.** George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824), was the most popular writer in England during his lifetime. Some of his chief works are referred to here—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (Harold) in four cantos, published 1812-1817; *Manfred*, a poetical drama, 1817; and the two romances, *Lara*, 1814, and *The Giaour*, 1813.

p. 21, l. 9. **whose peculiar department . . . intenser feelings.** His popularity was due to the highly emotional manner in which he treated his subjects; but his manner, especially that of the earlier romances, which was often flashy and insincere, has now largely lost its charm as it did for Mill.

p. 21, l. 12. **The poet's state of mind.** The feeling of melancholy and dissatisfaction with life which pervades much of his earlier poetry.

p. 21, l. 16. **vapid.** Flat, dull.

p. 21, l. 18. **burden.** They showed that the poet was oppressed by the same melancholy feelings as Mill was.

p. 21, l. 23. **The "Excursion"**—1814. A long poem by Wordsworth, discursive and dull in parts but containing a number of fine passages descriptive of nature or revealing Wordsworth's beliefs and attitude to life.

p. 22, l. 7. **juncture.** The time when Mill's mind was in the state he had described, *i.e.* oppressed with dissatisfaction.

p. 22, l. 17. **my early Pyrenean excursion.** Mill spent his fourteenth year in France. During this period he acquired a taste for French manners and thought which remained with him through life.

p. 22, l. 17. **my ideal.** The word "ideal" is here used in its familiar sense—"answering to one's highest conception." Mountains were for Mill the highest form of natural beauty. But the word "ideal" is used especially

by philosophers in the sense of the perfect type of anything, as in "the ideal state." Such a state can exist only in the imagination.

p. 22, l. 21. **Scott, Sir Walter** (1771-1832). He frequently describes natural scenery both in his poems and in the *Waverley Novels*.

p. 22, l. 22. **a very second-rate landscape . . . any poet.** Mill means that even a poor picture of a landscape gives a man a better idea of what the scene is like, because it is seen with the eyes, than any description by a poet. This statement is questionable, though it is partially true of uncultured people.

p. 22, l. 26. **states of feeling . . . under the excitement of beauty.** A true poet like Wordsworth does not merely describe beautiful scenes or beautiful objects, but the feelings or the thoughts which beautiful objects produce in him. Poetry is always produced as the result of an excitement of the feelings, generally called emotion.

p. 22, l. 30, **a source of inward joy . . . imaginative pleasure.** The poems seemed to be able to create joy in me, to have the power of imparting through the imagination a similar pleasure to that which the poet evidently experienced in writing them. For the imagination cf. III., p. 16, l. 21, note.

p. 23, l. 5. **shall have.** According to the proper sequence of tenses the verb should be "had," by using "shall have" Mill indicates his belief that the greater evils of life will one day be removed. The removal is not conditional but a fact.

p. 23, l. 12. **tranquil contemplation.** Wordsworth believed that man could obtain happiness, contentment and peace of mind through the calm contemplation of nature.

p. 23, l. 15. **common feelings . . . human beings.** The characters depicted in Wordsworth's poems are drawn from humble life, the feelings and emotions described are those in which every man can share. From reading his poems a man is likely to find an increased interest in the lot and circumstances of mankind.

p. 23, l. 18. **nothing to dread . . . analysis.** A good deal of Mill's work, his *Study of Logic* for example, demanded a critical examination of his material. People always engaged in analysing, whether it be substances or ideas, are apt to lose their appreciation of these things as wholes, as well as of the beauty in nature. They "murder to dissect," as Wordsworth says. Mill feels that Wordsworth's poetry will counteract this danger.

p. 23, l. 20. **famous Ode.** The full title is *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*, published in 1807.

p. 23, l. 23. **two passages.** These are probably stanza 5, "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," and stanza 8, "Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie."

p. 24, l. 1. **intrinsic.** Belonging properly to him as a poet, that is, his poetic qualities.

p. 24, l. 3. **poet of unpoetical natures.** He appeals to people who are not naturally given to emotion, whose imagination is not readily moved.

p. 24, l. 15. **Roebuck.** Born in Madras 1801; like his friend Mill he entered Parliament as a Radical, and maintained a position of independence from party ties throughout his political career.

p. 24, l. 20. **the poetry of human life . . . flowers and butterflies.** The more forcible representation of human passions and feelings in Byron seemed to him to represent human life more truly than Wordsworth did. He failed to understand the really strong human sympathy in his work, which seemed only to consist in descriptions of such natural objects as birds and butterflies. Actually Byron's interest in life is much narrower than Wordsworth's, and is confined to the society in which he moved.

p. 25, l. 6. **aids in the formation of character.** For the influence of poetry on conduct cf. note to III., p. 16, l. 7. all fine art has a refining effect upon the feelings.

p. 25, l. 7. **He saw little good . . . beauty and ugliness.** The idea expressed in this passage is that the cultivation of the sense of beauty which comes through an appreciation

of the fine arts, poetry for example, is as important for a truly cultured man as the acquiring of scientific knowledge. A feeling for beauty does not hamper scientific knowledge. In fact a sense of the beauty of nature helps towards a more perfect conception of it.

V. A NATURALIST IN THE FORESTS OF PARA

On leaving the town we walked along a straight, suburban road constructed above the level of the surrounding land. It had low swampy ground on each side, built upon, however, and containing several spacious country houses, which were embowered in magnificent foliage. Leaving the last of these, we arrived at a part where the lofty forest towered up like a wall five or six yards from the edge of the path to the height of, probably, a hundred feet. The tree trunks were only seen partially here and there, nearly the whole frontage from ground to summit being covered with a diversified drapery of creeping plants, all of the most vivid shades of green; scarcely a flower to be seen, except in some places a solitary scarlet passion-flower set in the green mantle like a star.

The low ground on the borders between the forest wall and the road was encumbered with a tangled mass of bushy and shrubby vegetation, amongst which prickly mimosas were very numerous, covering the other bushes in the same way as brambles do in England. Other dwarf mimosas trailed along the ground close to the edge of the road, shrinking at the

slightest touch of the feet as we passed by. Cassia trees, with their elegant pinnate foliage and conspicuous yellow flowers, formed a great proportion of the lower trees, and arborescent arums grew in groups around the swampy hollows.

Over the whole fluttered a larger number of brilliantly coloured butterflies than we had yet seen; some wholly orange or yellow, others with excessively elongated wings, sailing horizontally through the air, coloured black, and varied with blue, red, and yellow. One magnificent grassy-green species especially attracted our attention. Besides butterflies, there were few other insects except dragonflies, which were in great numbers.

After stopping repeatedly to examine and admire, we at length walked onward. The road then ascended slightly, and the soil and vegetation became suddenly altered in character. The shrubs here were grasses, low sedges and other plants, smaller in foliage than those growing in moist grounds. The forest was second growth, low, consisting of trees which had the general aspect of laurels and other evergreens in our gardens at home: the leaves glossy and dark green.

The sun, now, for we had loitered long on the road, was exceedingly powerful. The day was most brilliant; the sky without a cloud. In fact, it was one of those glorious days which announce the commencement of the dry season. The radiation of heat from the sandy ground was visible by the quivering motion of the air above it. We saw or heard no mammals or birds; a few cattle belonging to an estate down a shady lane were congregated, panting, under a cluster

of wide-spreading trees. The very soil was hot to our feet, and we hastened onward to the shade of the forest which we could see not far ahead.

At length, on entering it, what a relief ! We found ourselves in a moderately broad pathway or alley, where the branches of the trees crossed overhead and produced a delightful shade. The woods were at first of recent growth, dense, and utterly impenetrable ; the ground, instead of being clothed with grass and shrubs as in the woods of Europe, was everywhere carpeted with fern-shaped mosses.

Gradually the scene became changed. We descended slightly from an elevated, dry, and sandy area to a low and swampy one ; a cool air breathed on our faces, and a mouldy smell of rotting vegetation greeted us. The trees were now taller, the under-wood less dense, and we could obtain glimpses into the wilderness on all sides. The leafy crowns of the trees, scarcely two of which could be seen together of the same kind, were now far away above us, in another world as it were. We could only see at times, where there was a break above, the tracery of the foliage against the clear blue sky.

Sometimes the leaves were palmate, or of the shape of large outstretched hands ; at others, finely cut or feathery, like the leaves of Mimosas. Below, the tree trunks were everywhere linked together by the woody, flexible stems of climbing and creeping trees, whose foliage is far away above, mingled with that of the taller independent trees. Some were twisted in strands like cables, others had thick stems contorted in every variety of shape, entwining snake-like round

the tree trunks, or forming gigantic loops and coils among the larger branches; others, again, were of zigzag shape, or indented like the steps of a staircase, sweeping from the ground to a giddy height.

Further on the ground became more swampy, and we had some difficulty in picking our way. The wild banana here began to appear, and, as it grew in masses, imparted a new aspect to the scene. The leaves of this beautiful plant are like broad sword-blades, eight feet in length and a foot broad; they rise straight upwards, alternately, from the top of a stem five or six feet high. Numerous kinds of plants with leaves similar in shape to these but smaller clothed the ground. The trunks of the trees were clothed with climbing ferns, and plants with large, fleshy, heart-shaped leaves. Bamboos and other tall grass and reed-like plants arched over the pathway.

The appearance of this part of the forest was strange in the extreme; description can convey no adequate idea of it. The reader who has visited Botanical Gardens may form some notion by conceiving a vegetation like that in the great palm-house spread over a large tract of swampy ground, but he must fancy it mingled with large trees covered with creepers and parasites, and figure to himself the ground encumbered with fallen and rotting trunks, branches, and leaves; the whole illuminated by a glowing vertical sun, and reeking with moisture.

We often read, in books of travel, of the silence and gloom of the Brazilian forests. They are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or

mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes, in the midst of the stillness, a sudden yell or scream will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal, which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling of inhospitable wildness which the forest is calculated to inspire, is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often, even in the still hours of mid-day, a sudden crash will be heard resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground.

There are, besides, many sounds which it is impossible to account for. I found the natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind.

With the native it is always the *Curupira*, the wild man or spirit of the forest, which produces all noises they are unable to explain. For myths are the rude theories which mankind, in the infancy of knowledge, invent to explain natural phenomena. The *Curupira* is a mysterious being, whose attributes are uncertain, for they vary according to locality. Sometimes he is described as a kind of orang-otang, being covered with long, shaggy hair, and living in trees. At others

he is said to have cloven feet, and a bright red face. He has a wife and children, and sometimes comes down to steal the mandioca.

At one time I had a Brazilian boy in my service, whose head was full of the legends and superstitions of the country. He always went with me into the forest; in fact, I could not get him to go alone, and whenever we heard any of the strange noises mentioned above, he used to tremble with fear. He would crouch down behind me, and beg of me to turn back; his alarm ceasing only after he had made a charm to protect us from the *Curupira*. For this purpose he took a young palm leaf, plaited it, and formed it into a ring, which he hung to a branch on our track.

H. W. BATES, *The Naturalist on the Amazons*.

H. W. Bates (1825-1892), naturalist and explorer. During eleven years' work on the banks of the Amazon in South America he collected 8000 species of insects new to science. *The Naturalist on the Amazons* (1863) was written at the urgent request of Charles Darwin, who considered Bates almost without a rival in describing a tropical forest.

p. 30, l. 12. **drapery**. The trees which lined the road on either side were covered with different creepers from top to bottom, which hung from every branch like curtains.

p. 30, l. 15. **passion-flower**. The name given to a number of creeping plants, one or two of which are to be found in gardens in India.

p. 30, l. 20. **mimosas**. A family of plants and trees, of which the *babul* is one. The Sensitive plant is another; this is the dwarf mimosa referred to two lines below.

p. 30, l. 21. **brambles**. The bramble or blackberry bush is a thick prickly shrub to be found wild all over the British Isles.

p. 31, l. 1. **Cassia trees.** The Indian *amaltas* is a species of Cassia.

p. 31, l. 2. **pinnate foliage.** Having feather-shaped leaves.

p. 31, l. 4. **arborescent arums.** Arums having a tree-like growth. The arum is known in Northern India as *ghunyan*.

p. 31, l. 19. **sedges.** Kinds of grass-like plants growing in marshy ground or beside rivers.

p. 31, l. 19. **other plants, smaller in foliage . . .** different plants grow in different soils—damp marshy soil produces plants luxuriant in growth, as drier soil is reached the plants and trees become smaller and less luxuriant, of "second growth." Anyone who passes from the Taria to the Himalayas will notice this.

p. 31, l. 22. **laurels.** A glossy-leaved shrub growing in Europe and temperate climates.

p. 31, l. 28. **radiation of heat.** The ground becomes heated by the sun, and then itself emits rays of heat, which accounts for the quivering motion of the air which can be noticed on any hot dry day.

p. 32, l. 11. **fern-shaped mosses.** A moss is a small green plant without flowers which may be seen growing on damp walls in India. These described here were a larger variety resembling a fern.

p. 32, l. 17. **we could obtain glimpses into the wilderness.** Between the trunks of the trees could be seen the barren country surrounding the forest which they had just entered.

p. 32, l. 22. **tracery.** The light from above penetrating between the leaves and branches gave the latter the appearance of carved stonework (*jāte*).

p. 32, l. 24. **palmate.** Shaped like those of a palm.

p. 32, l. 28. **climbing and creeping trees . . .** large creepers with stems as thick as those of trees—such as may be seen in any Indian forest.

p. 33, l. 4. **giddy height.** To such a height that it made one dizzy to look at it.

p. 33, l. 15. **fleshy.** Thick and full of pulp.

P. 33, l. 22. **the great palm-house.** Such as is to be seen in most botanical gardens in India.

P. 33, l. 25. **parasites.** Plants which obtain their nutriment from other plants or trees. The *amal bel* is a well-known parasite in Northern India.

P. 34, l. 1. **intensifies the feeling of solitude.** The sounds are so few that when they are heard the silence which precedes and follows them only makes the solitude appear greater.

P. 34, l. 8. **harrowing noise . . . spirit.** Harrowing = literally tearing, wounding, and so causing dread or depression to the spirits, making it difficult to remain cheerful.

P. 34, l. 26. **For myths . . . natural phenomena.** Savage or uncivilised peoples invent stories (myths) to explain anything which occurs in nature which they are unable to explain.

P. 34, l. 29. **attributes.** Qualities, characteristics.

P. 34, l. 31. **orang-otang.** A large long-armed man-like ape which is found in the islands of Borneo and Sumatra.

P. 35, l. 3. **mandioca.** A root from which the inhabitants of Brazil make a kind of flour.

VI. THE FOUNDATIONS OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE

I CANNOT but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man first came face to face with the facts of Nature ; when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both ; that it is shorter to cross a stream than to head it ; that a stone stops where it is unless it is moved, and that it drops from the hand which lets it go ; that light and heat come and go with the sun ; that sticks burn away in a fire ; that plants and animals grow and die ; that if he struck his fellow savage a blow he would make him angry, and perhaps get a blow in return, while if he offered him a fruit he would please him, and perhaps receive a fish in exchange. When men had acquired this much knowledge, the outlines, rude though they were, of mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, of biology, of moral, economical, and political science, were sketched. Nor did the germ of religion fail when science began to bud.

Thus it seems impossible to imagine but that the foundations of all knowledge—secular or sacred—were laid when intelligence dawned, though the superstructure remained for long ages so slight and feeble

as to be compatible with the existence of almost any general view respecting the mode of governance of the universe. No doubt, from the first, there were certain phenomena which, to the rudest mind, presented a constancy of occurrence, and suggested that a fixed order ruled, at any rate, among them. I doubt if the grossest of Fetish worshippers ever imagined that a stone must have a god within it to make it fall, or that a fruit had a god within it to make it taste sweet. With regard to such matters as these, it is hardly questionable that mankind from the first took strictly positive and scientific views.

But, with respect to all the less familiar occurrences which present themselves, uncultured man, no doubt, has always taken himself as the centre and measure of the world; nor could he well avoid doing so. And finding that his apparently uncaused will has a powerful effect in giving rise to many occurrences, he naturally enough ascribed other and greater events to other and greater wills, and came to look upon the world and all that therein is, as the product of the wills of persons like himself, but stronger, and capable of being appeased or angered, as he himself might be soothed or irritated.

Through such conceptions of the plan and working of the universe all mankind have passed, or are passing. And we may now consider what has been the effect of the improvement of natural knowledge on the views of men who have reached this stage, and who have begun to cultivate natural knowledge with no desire but that of "increasing God's honour and bettering man's estate."

and purpose of Science

For example, what could seem wiser to an ancient people, than that they should learn the exact succession of the seasons, as warnings for their husbandmen; or the position of the stars, as guides to their rude navigators? But what has grown out of this search for natural knowledge of so merely useful a character? You all know the reply. Astronomy,—which of all sciences has filled men's minds with general ideas of a character most foreign to their daily experience, and has, more than any other, rendered it impossible for them to accept the beliefs of their fathers. Astronomy,—which tells them that this so vast and seemingly solid earth is but an atom among atoms, whirling no man knows whither, through illimitable space; which demonstrates that what we call the peaceful heaven above us, is but that space, filled by an infinitely subtle matter whose particles are seething and surging, like the waves of an angry sea; which opens up to us infinite regions where nothing is known, or ever seems to have been known, but matter and force, operating according to rigid rules; which leads us to contemplate phenomena the very nature of which demonstrates that they must have had a beginning, and that they must have an end, but the very nature of which also proves that the beginning was, to our conceptions of time, infinitely remote, and that the end is as immeasurably distant.

But it is not alone those who pursue astronomy who ask for bread and receive ideas. What more harmless than the attempt to lift and distribute water by pumping it; what more absolutely and grossly utilitarian? Yet out of pumps grew the discussions

Space and Time are the
two great
mysteries

the
pump
the
discussion

about Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum ; and then it was discovered that Nature does not abhor a vacuum, but that air has weight ; and that notion paved the way for the doctrine that all matter has weight, and that the force which produces weight is co-extensive with the universe,—in short, to the theory of universal gravitation : while learning how to handle gases led to the discovery of oxygen, and to modern chemistry, and to the notion of the indestructibility of matter.

Again, what simpler, or more absolutely practical, than the attempt to keep the axle of a wheel from heating when the wheel turns round very fast ? How useful for carters and drivers of carriages to know something about this ; and how good it would be if any ingenious person would find out the cause of such phenomena. Such an ingenious person was Count Rumford ; and he and his successors have landed us in the theory of the persistence, or indestructibility, of energy. And in the infinitely minute, as in the infinitely great, the seekers after natural knowledge of the kinds called physical and chemical, have everywhere found a definite order and succession of events which seem never to be infringed.

And how has it fared with Medicine and Anatomy ? Have the anatomist, the physiologist, or the physician, whose business it has been to devote themselves assiduously to that eminently practical and direct end, the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind,—have they been able to confine their vision more absolutely to the strictly useful ? I fear they are the worst offenders of all. For if the astronomer has set before us the infinite magnitude of space, and the

Hyg. - yekira
Cal. - kura gari
yehur - asure
yehur - asure

practical eternity of the duration of the universe ; if the physical and chemical philosophers have demonstrated the infinite minuteness of its constituent parts, and the practical eternity of matter and of energy ; and if both have alike proclaimed the universality of a definite and predicable order and succession of events, the workers in biology have not only accepted all these, but have added more startling theses of their own. For, as the astronomers discover the earth to be no centre of the universe, but an eccentric speck, so the naturalists find man to be no centre of the living world, but one, amidst endless modifications of life ; and as the astronomer observes the mark of practically endless time set upon the arrangements of the solid system, so the student of life finds the records of ancient forms of existence peopling the world for ages, which, in relation to human experience, are infinite.

Such are a few of the new conceptions implanted in our minds by the improvement of natural knowledge. Men have acquired the ideas of the practically infinite extent of the universe and of its practical eternity ; they are familiar with the conception that our earth is but an infinitesimal fragment of that part of the universe which can be seen ; and that, nevertheless, its duration is, as compared with our standards of time, infinite. They have further acquired the idea that man is but one of innumerable forms of life now existing on the globe, and that the present existences are but the last of an immeasurable series of predecessors. Moreover, every step they have made in natural knowledge has tended to extend and fix in

their minds the conception of a definite order of the universe—which is embodied in what are called, by an unhappy metaphor, the laws of Nature—and to narrow the range and loosen the force of men's belief in spontaneity, or in changes other than such as arise out of that definite order itself.

Whether these ideas are well or ill founded is not the question. No one can deny that they exist, and have been the inevitable outgrowth of the improvement of natural knowledge. And if so, it cannot be doubted that they are changing the form of men's most cherished and most important convictions.

T. H. HUXLEY, *Essays*.

Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-95) was one of the greatest English scientists of the nineteenth century. Although it is improbable that men in the early stages of civilisation acquired knowledge exactly in the way Huxley imagines, and although some of Huxley's views have been now superseded, the essay is still valuable as giving in simple and striking language the meaning of the scientific attitude, its origin, its growth and its value to mankind.

p. 38, l. 6. **to head it**=to go round the head of—to go up the stream until it was so narrow that it could be crossed with ease.

p. 38, l. 18. **Nor did the germ . . . bud.** The beginnings of scientific knowledge did not prevent ideas on religion from growing also. Germ=lit. a rudimentary form of a plant or animal out of which the plant or animal develops.

p. 38, l. 22. **the superstructure**=the conclusions which they draw about science and religion.

p. 39, l. 1. **compatible with**=it was possible to hold these conclusions along with almost any view of the nature of God. As scientific knowledge increased, especially after the fifteenth century, and particularly during the

eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it had a deep influence upon men's attitude to religion.

p. 39, l. 7. **Fetish worshippers.** Worshippers of inanimate objects supposed to be habited by spirits, or to possess magical powers.

p. 39, l. 12. **positive** here = "practical"—"matter-of-fact."

p. 39, l. 15. **taken himself as the centre and measure of the world** = man has always regarded things in the world in their relation to himself. He has never been interested in them except in so far as they had some connection with himself—and he has always measured their qualities and powers by comparison with his own.

p. 39, l. 17. **uncaused will.** This refers to the apparent fact that man's will is free and independent of any external cause.

p. 39, l. 28. **natural knowledge.** Knowledge of nature.

p. 39, l. 31. **"increasing God's honour and bettering man's estate."** A slight variation of a passage in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, I. v. 11: "Knowledge . . . a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate."

p. 40, l. 9. **most foreign to** = "farthest removed from."

p. 40, l. 10. **rendered it impossible . . . their fathers.** Huxley is thinking of such stories as that of the Creation related in the first chapter of Genesis: which was once believed to be literally true.

p. 40, l. 17. **infinitely subtle matter . . . an angry sea.** According to physicists all space is filled with an elastic fluid called ether, which, like other substances, is composed of tiny particles—in Huxley's day called atoms—which are in constant motion.

p. 40, l. 29. **who ask for bread and receive ideas.** An application of a passage in the New Testament, St. Luke xi. 11. "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?" Here it means that those who study astronomy are seeking knowledge which may be of some practical value, and instead receive general ideas about the nature of the universe.

p. 40, l. 32. **out of pumps . . . air has weight.** In the early days of engineering it was observed that if a piston in contact with water in a common pump is raised, the water follows the piston up the pump. The usefulness of the pump depends on this fact. The fact was "explained" by the statement that "Nature abhors a vacuum" (*i.e.* a completely empty space). The explanation seemed sufficient for a time; but there remained the fact that Nature seemed to "abhor a vacuum" only up to a height of thirty feet or so; for no common pump could be constructed to raise water more than this height. The failure was ascribed at first to imperfections in the pump. But Torricelli, an Italian engineer, showed the real reason of the rising of the water under the piston to be the pressure of the air on the water surface outside the pump. This pressure is sufficient to support a column of water about thirty feet in height. If then, by means of the piston, we remove the pressure on the top of the water column inside the pump, the outside pressure will force the inside water up just enough to balance by its weight the outside air pressure; but no more. And this led directly to the conclusion that the pressure of the air on the water surface outside is due to the fact that air possesses weight.

p. 41, l. 5. **the force which . . . co-extensive with the universe.** Why does a stone fall to the ground when it is not supported? It took a very long time to answer so simple a question. One's first answer would probably be, "Because it has weight." It was Newton who first tried to explain why bodies possess weight; and he did so by assuming that every body is attracted by the earth, the attraction being proportional to the amount of matter in the body. But he was immediately driven to the conclusion that it is not the earth alone which attracts; and that every body attracts every other body in the universe with a force depending upon the amounts of matter in the two bodies, and the distance between them. This is, in fact, Newton's law of gravitation. He verified it by showing that it enabled him to account with great exactness for the observed motions of the moon and other heavenly bodies, which until his time had defied the power of mathematicians.

p. 41, l. 9. **the indestructibility of matter** = the theory that the total amount of matter in the universe always remains the same, though it may undergo any number of transformations.

p. 41, l. 16. **Count Rumford** = Sir Benjamin Thompson (1753-1814), a famous scientist, who was born in America and was created Count Rumford by the Elector of Bavaria, whose minister of war he became.

p. 41, l. 18. **persistence, or indestructibility, of energy** = Energy means the power to do work. Bodies may possess energy either because of their motion (*e.g.* the rapidly moving flywheel of an engine) ; or in virtue of their position (*e.g.* raised weights may be used to put a flywheel in motion if we allow them to descend) ; or in virtue of their physical or chemical state (*e.g.* our food, in undergoing the chemical process of digestion, supplies us with the power to do work).. It is believed that the total amount of energy in the universe is constant. It may be transferred from one body to another, or it may be transferred into energy of a apparently different kind, but its total amount does not change.

p. 41, l. 23. **seem never to be infringed** = as far as we know seem never to be interrupted.

p. 41, l. 25. **physiologist** = a student or teacher of the science of the functions and phenomena of living things.

p. 42, l. 1. **practical eternity** = the universe may be considered eternal in so far as our interests and our lives are concerned.

p. 42, l. 3. **the infinite minuteness of its constituent parts**, *i.e.* of the atoms and molecules referred to above.

p. 42, l. 6. **the universality of . . . succession of events** = they have shown that throughout the universe events follow one another in an order which is certain, and which can be shown to hold good in all cases.

p. 42, l. 9. **theses** = propositions.

p. 42, l. 11. **an eccentric speck** = the earth, instead of being the centre of the universe with its axis placed centrally, is now seen to be not only situated outside the centre, but to

be as a mere speck of dust in comparison with the universe and its millions of worlds.

p. 42, l. 12. **one amidst endless modifications of life** = all life (both plants and animals) is continually undergoing modifications. Man as he now is is the product of a series of such modifications through a process of evolution, and this process is still going on.

p. 42, l. 16. **the records of ancient forms . . . are infinite.** Remains of ancient forms of animals and plants now no longer existing are found in rocks and are called fossils. The earliest of these forms are supposed to have been alive millions of years ago, and so long a period of time is almost as difficult for the mind to grasp as the idea of eternity or infinity.

p. 43, l. 3. **an unhappy metaphor.** Unhappy because the comparison is misleading. Human laws suggest rules which exercise an artificial control over beings from the outside. The so-called natural laws are the ways in which the various forms of life have evolved.

VII. THE METHOD OF SCIENCE

THE method of scientific investigation is nothing but the expression of the necessary mode of working of the human mind. It is simply the mode in which all phenomena are reasoned about, rendered precise and exact. There is just the same kind of difference, between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, as there is between the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales, and the operations of a chemist in performing a difficult and complex analysis by means of his balance and finely graduated weights. It is not that the action of the scales in the one case, and the balance in the other, differ in the principles of their construction or manner of working ; but the beam of one is set on an infinitely finer axis than the other, and of course turns by the addition of a much smaller weight.

You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example. You have all heard it repeated, I dare say, that men of science work by means of Induction and Deduction, and that by the help of these operations, they, in a sort of sense, wring from Nature certain other things, which are called Natural Laws, and Causes, and that out of

these, by some cunning skill of their own, they build up Hypotheses and Theories. And it is imagined by many, that the operations of the common mind can be by no means compared with these processes, and that they have to be acquired by a sort of special apprenticeship to the craft. To hear all these large words, you would think that the mind of a man of science must be constituted differently from that of his fellow-men ; but if you will not be frightened by terms, you will discover that you are quite wrong, and that all these terrible apparatus are being used by yourselves every day and every hour of your lives.

There is a well-known incident in one of Molière's plays, where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight on being told that he had been talking prose during the whole of his life. In the same way, I trust, that you will take comfort, and be delighted with yourselves, on the discovery that you have been acting on the principles of inductive and deductive philosophy during the same period. Probably there is not one here who has not in the course of the day had occasion to set in motion a complex train of reasoning, of the very same kind, though differing of course in degree, as that which a scientific man goes through in tracing the causes of natural phenomena.

A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple,—you take up one, and, on biting it, you find it is sour ; you look at it, and see that it is hard and green. You take up another one, and that too is hard, green and sour. The shopman offers you a third ; but, before biting it, you examine it, and find

that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those you have already tried.

Nothing can be more simple than that, you think ; but if you will take the trouble to analyse and trace out into its logical elements what has been done by the mind, you will be greatly surprised. In the first place, you have performed the operation of Induction. You found that, in two experiences, hardness and greenness in apples went together with sourness. It was so in the first case, and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small basis, but still it is enough to make an induction from ; you generalize the facts, and you expect to find sourness in apples where you get hardness and greenness. You found upon that a general law, that all hard and green apples are sour ; and that so far as it goes, is a perfect induction. Well, now, suppose, having got your law, that at some time afterwards, you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend : you will say to him, " It is a very curious thing,—but I find that all hard and green apples are sour ! " Your friend says to you " But how do you know that ? " You at once reply, " Oh, because I have tried them over and over again, and have always found them to be so. "

Well if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an Experimental Verification. And, if still opposed, you go further, and say, " I have heard from the people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where a large number of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in

North America. In short, I find it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever attention has been directed to the subject." Whereupon, your friend, unless he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you, and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although perhaps he does not know he believes it, that the more extensive verifications are,—that the more frequently experiments have been made, and results of the same kind arrived at,—that the more varied the conditions under which the same results are attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the question no further. He sees that the experiment has been tried under all sorts of conditions, as to time, place, and people, with the same result; and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good one, and he must believe it.

In science we do the same thing;—the philosopher exercises precisely the same faculties, though in a much more delicate manner. In scientific enquiry it becomes a matter of duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification, and to take care, moreover, that this is done intentionally, and not left to a mere accident, as in the case of the apples. And in science, as in common life, our confidence in a law is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the result of our experimental verifications.

For instance, if you let go your grasp of an article you may have in your hand, it will immediately fall to the ground. That is a very common verification of one of the best established laws of nature—that of gravitation. The method by which men of science

establish the existence of that law is exactly the same as that by which we have established the trivial proposition about the sourness of hard and green apples. But we believe it in such an extensive, thorough and unhesitating manner because the universal experience of mankind verifies it, and we can verify it ourselves at any time; and that is the strongest possible foundation on which any natural law can rest.

T. H. HUXLEY, *Essays*.

p. 48, l. 15. **an infinitely finer axis**—the axis is the middle point of the beam, or pivot of the balance. In the balance used by the chemist this is a sharp knife-like edge (generally an agate edge), so that the scale turns to a very tiny weight. Such a balance may be examined in the physics laboratory.

p. 48, l. 21. **Induction and Deduction**. These two processes are explained below.

p. 48, l. 24. **Natural Laws**. Cf. note on preceding passage p. 43, l. 3.

p. 49, l. 6. **craft**, *i.e.* of the scientist.

p. 49, l. 13. **Molière**, a famous French writer of Comedies (1622-1673). The reference is to M. Jourdain in his play *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

p. 50, l. 6. **logical elements**—the starting-points of the various processes of reasoning performed by the mind.

p. 50, l. 13. **you generalize the facts**—you apply what is true in several instances to all instances of the same class.

p. 51, l. 23. **intentionally, and not left to a mere accident**—*i.e.* that the investigation has been undertaken deliberately, with a definite purpose in view.

p. 51, l. 26. **in exact proportion . . . verifications**. Our confidence in the truth or soundness of a law depends upon the amount of confirmation we are able to extract from the series of tests we make to verify it.

VIII. THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

MANY cases are on record showing how complex and unexpected are the checks and relations between organic beings which have to struggle together in the same country. I will give only a single instance, which, though a simple one, has interested me. In Staffordshire, on the estate of a relation, where I had ample means of investigation, there was a large and extremely barren heath, which had never been touched by the hand of man; but several hundred acres of exactly the same nature had been enclosed twenty-five years previously and planted with Scotch fir. The change in the native vegetation of the planted part of the heath was most remarkable, more than generally seen in passing from one quite different soil to another: not only the proportional numbers of the heath-plants were wholly changed, but twelve species of plants (not counting grasses and canes) flourished in the plantations, which could not be found on the heath. The effect on the insects must have been still greater, for six insectivorous birds were very common in the plantation, which were not to be seen on the heath; and the heath was frequented by two or three distinct insectivorous birds. Here we see how powerful

has been the effect of the introduction of a single tree, nothing whatever else having been done, with the exception that the land had been enclosed, so that cattle could not enter. But how important an element enclosure is, I plainly saw near Farnham, in Surrey. Here there are extensive heaths, with a few clumps of old Scotch firs on the distant hill-tops: within the last ten years large spaces have been enclosed, and self-sown firs are now springing up in multitudes, so close together that all cannot live. When I ascertained that these young trees had not been sown or planted, I was so much surprised at their numbers that I went to several points of view, whence I could examine hundreds of acres of the unenclosed heath, and literally I could not see a single Scotch fir, except the old planted clumps. But on looking closely between the stems of the heath, I found a multitude of seedlings and little trees, which had been perpetually browsed down by the cattle. In one square yard, at a point some hundred yards distant from one of the old clumps, I counted thirty-two little trees; and one of them, with twenty-six rings of growth, had during many years tried to raise its head above the stems of the heath, and had failed. No wonder that, as soon as the land was enclosed, it became thickly clothed with vigorously growing young firs. Yet the heath was so extremely barren and so extensive that no one would ever have imagined that cattle would have so closely and effectually searched it for food.

Here we see that cattle absolutely determine the existence of the Scotch fir; but in several parts of the

world insects determine the existence of cattle. Perhaps Paraguay offers the most curious instance of this ; for here neither cattle nor horses nor dogs have ever run wild, though they swarm southward and northward in a wild state ; and it has been proved that this is caused by the greater number of a certain fly in Paraguay, which lays its eggs on the navels of these animals when first born. The increase of these flies, numerous as they are, must be habitually checked by some means, probably by birds. Hence, if certain insectivorous birds (whose numbers are probably regulated by hawks or beasts of prey) were to increase in Paraguay, the flies would decrease—then cattle and horses would become wild, and this would certainly greatly alter (as indeed I have observed in certain parts of South America) the vegetation : this again would largely affect the insects ; and this, as we have just seen in Staffordshire, the insectivorous birds, and so on, the relations and changes becoming more and more complicated. We began with insectivorous birds, and we have ended with them. Not that in nature the relations can ever be as simple as this. Battle within battle must ever be recurring with varying success ; and yet in the long-run the forces are so nicely balanced, that the face of nature remains uniform for long periods of time, though assuredly the merest trifle would often give the victory to one organic being over another. Nevertheless, so profound is our ignorance, and so high our presumption, that we marvel when we hear of the extinction of an organic being ; and as we do not see the cause, we attribute such a disappearance to some

general disaster that has overtaken the world, or invent laws on the duration of the forms of life.

I am tempted to give one more instance showing how plants and animals, most remote in nature, are linked together by a series of complex relations. I shall hereafter have occasion to show that the exotic *Lobelia fulgens*, in this part of England, is never visited by insects, and consequently, from its peculiar structure, never can set a seed. Many of orchids absolutely require the visits of the moths to remove their pollen masses, and thus to fertilise them. From experiments which I have lately tried, I have found that the visits of bees are necessary for the fertilisation of some kinds of clover; but humble-bees alone visit the red clover (*Trifolium pratense*), as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence I have very little doubt, that if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the red clover would become very rare, or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great degree on the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Mr. H. Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that "more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England." Now the number of mice is largely dependent, as everyone knows, on the number of cats; and Mr. Newman says, "Near villages and small towns I have found nests of humble bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice?" Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine,

through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district!

CHARLES DARWIN, *On the Origin of Species*.

Charles Darwin (1809-1882) was, along with A. R. Wallace (1823-1882), the first to demonstrate how different species of plants and animals come into being. A constant struggle is always going on in nature, and it is often due apparently to chance that certain species survive and others die. In this passage Darwin gives an example of this, showing how the enclosure of a piece of ground made that ground favourable for fir trees to survive, and their survival made it possible for other plants to exist within the same enclosure; these in their turn affording food to insects and so to birds. Thus the dependence of different forms of life upon one another is revealed. In Northern India these phenomena may be observed on the "usar" plains: when man cuts down the "babool" trees and the "dhak" jungle, he makes it impossible for any vegetation to exist: but if the trees are allowed to remain, other plants gradually collect around them, and patches of the barren ground gradually regain their fertility.

p. 53, l. 2. **checks**—the forces which hinder forms of life from surviving or flourishing.

p. 5, l. 3. **organic**=living.

p. 53, l. 8. **heath**=corresponds much to an uncultivated "maidan" in India. Heath, a heather, is a wild plant which covers such plains in Britain.

p. 53, l. 11. **Scotch fir**—a species of tree allied to the pine trees which grow in the Himalayas.

p. 53, l. 15. **proportional numbers of the heath-plants**—that is, the heath-plants were in far larger numbers within the enclosure than without.

p. 53, l. 17. **canes**—grasses with hollow jointed stems—like the bamboo in India.

p. 53, l. 20. **insectivorous**—insect-eating birds—as, for example, the *Nilkanut*.

p. 54, l. 5. **Farnham**. The great military camp—Aldershot—is close to Farnham.

p. 54, l. 18. **seedlings**=plants raised from seeds, young, tender plants.

p. 54, l. 22. **twenty-six rings of growth**=if the trunk of a tree is cut crosswise a number of rings will be observed in the section of the wood: each of these rings represents a year's growth, so that this stunted tree was actually twenty-six years old.

p. 55, l. 2. **Paraguay**. A country in the centre of the southern portion of South America.

p. 55, l. 12. **beasts of prey**—*e.g.* wild cats destroy birds in large numbers.

p. 55, l. 23. **Battle within battle**—struggles between the different opposed species, different factors and conditions sometimes favouring one species sometimes another.

p. 55, l. 29. **so high our presumption**=so great is our confidence in our own knowledge.

p. 55, l. 32. **we attribute such a disappearance . . . of the forms of life**. Formerly geologists were in the habit of attributing the disappearance of certain forms of animal life to sudden catastrophes, such as the submerging of a continent, or a rapid change in climate, such as the great "Ice Ages." These occurrences are now supposed to have been exceedingly, almost imperceptibly, slow processes. Geologists have also attempted to calculate the length of the periods during which the various forms of plants and animals, now extinct, flourished. These periods are estimated at millions of years, and are now recognised as problematical.

p. 56, l. 5. **are linked together by a series of complex relations**=that is to say, two living forms may depend upon one another for their existence, although the causes which bring about this dependence may be very complicated and by no means obvious at first sight.

p. 56, l. 7. **Lobelia fulgens**. Scientists generally give plants and animals two names: the first (*Lobelia*) denotes the family, the second (*fulgens*) denotes the species. Latin is used for these names as it has become a universal language among scientists, so that these scientific Latin names are understood all over the world.

p. 56, l. 11. **pollen masses**—pollen is the fine powder-like substance discharged from the stamens of flowers ; this has to be conveyed to the *ovules* or rudimentary seeds in order that the latter may become fertilised and that the seeds may germinate. This fertilisation is often done by the aid of insects.

p. 56, l. 14. **clover** is a fodder plant. The red clover is called *treparia* or *chibatta* in N. India.

p. 56, l. 14. **humble-bees**—a large species of bee.

p. 56, l. 31. **feline animals**—animals belonging to the cat family.

IX. EFFECTS OF USE AND DISUSE

FROM the facts alluded to in the first chapter, I think there can be little doubt that use in our domestic animals strengthens and enlarges certain parts, and disuse diminishes them ; and that such modifications are inherited. Under free nature, we can have no standard of comparison, by which to judge of the effects of long-continued use or disuse, for we know not the parent-forms ; but many animals have structures which can be explained by the effects of disuse. As Professor Owen has remarked, there is no greater anomaly in nature than a bird that cannot fly ; yet there are several in this state. The logger-headed duck of South America can only flap along the surface of the water, and has its wings in nearly the same condition as the domestic duck. As the larger ground-feeding birds seldom take flight except to escape danger, I believe that the nearly wingless condition of several birds, which now inhabit or have lately inhabited several oceanic islands, tenanted by no beast of prey, has been caused by disuse. The ostrich indeed inhabits continents and is exposed to danger from which it cannot escape by flight, but by kicking it can defend itself from enemies, as well as any of the smaller quadrupeds. We may imagine

that the early progenitor of the ostrich had habits like those of a bustard, and that as natural selection increased in successive generations the size and weight of its body, its legs were used more, and its wings less, until they became incapable of flight.

In some cases we might easily put down to disuse modifications of structure which are wholly, or mainly, due to natural selection. Mr. Wollaston has discovered the remarkable fact that 200 beetles, out of the 550 species inhabiting Madeira, are so far deficient in wings that they cannot fly; and that of the twenty-nine indigenous families no less than twenty-three genera have all their species in this condition! Several facts, namely, that beetles in many parts of the world are frequently blown to sea and perish; that the beetles in Madeira, as observed by Mr. Wollaston, lie much concealed, until the wind lulls and the sun shines; that the proportion of wingless beetles is larger on the exposed desert tracts than in Madeira itself; and especially the extraordinary fact, so strongly insisted on by Mr. Wollaston, of the almost entire absence of certain large groups of beetles, elsewhere excessively numerous, which groups have habits of life almost necessitating frequent flight; all these considerations have made me believe that the wingless condition of so many Madeira beetles is mainly due to the action of natural selection, but combined probably with disuse. For during thousands of successive generations each individual beetle which flew least, either from its wings having been ever so little less perfectly developed or from indolent habit, will have had the

best chance of surviving from not being blown out to sea ; and, on the other hand, those beetles which most readily took to flight would oftenest have been blown to sea and thus have been destroyed.

The insects in Madeira which are not ground-feeders, and which, as the flower-feeding beetles and butterflies, must habitually use their wings to gain their subsistence, have, as Mr. Wollaston suspects, their wings not at all reduced, but even enlarged. This is quite in accordance with the action of natural selection. For when a new insect first arrived on the island, the tendency of natural selection to enlarge or to reduce the wings would depend on whether a greater number of individuals were saved by successfully battling with the winds, or by giving up the attempt and rarely or never flying. As with mariners shipwrecked near a coast, it would have been better for the good swimmers if they had been able to swim still further, whereas it would have been better for the bad swimmers if they had not been able to swim at all and had stuck to the wreck.

The eyes of moles and of some burrowing rodents are rudimentary in size, and in some cases are quite covered up by skin and fur. This state of the eyes is probably due to gradual reduction from disuse, but aided perhaps by natural selection. In South America, a burrowing rodent, the tuco-tuco, is even more subterranean in its habits than the mole ; and I was assured by a Spaniard, who had often caught them, that they were frequently blind ; one which I kept alive was certainly in this

condition; the cause, as appeared on dissection, having been inflammation of the inner portion of the eyelids. As frequent inflammation of the eyes must be injurious to any animal, and as eyes are certainly not indispensable to animals with subterranean habits, a reduction in their size with the adhesion of the eyelids and growth of fur over them, might in such case be an advantage; and if so, natural selection would constantly aid the effects of disuse.

It is well known that several animals, belonging to the most different classes, which inhabit the caves of Styria and of Kentucky, are blind. In some of the crabs the foot-stalk for the eye remains, though the eye is gone; the stand for the telescope is there, though the telescope with its glasses has been lost. As it is difficult to imagine that eyes, though useless, could be in any way injurious to animals living in darkness, I attribute their loss wholly to disuse. In one of the blind animals, namely, the cave-rat, the eyes are of immense size; and Professor Silliman thought that it regained, after living some days in the light, some slight power of vision. In the same manner as in Madeira the wings of some of the insects have been enlarged, and the wings of others have been reduced by natural selection aided by use and disuse, so in the case of the cave-rat natural selection seems to have struggled with the loss of light and to have increased the size of the eyes; whereas with all the other inhabitants of the caves, disuse by itself seems to have done its work.

CHARLES DARWIN, *On the Origin of Species.*

This and the preceding passage are admirable examples of the straightforward and accurate statement of what has been carefully and patiently observed. Darwin, an almost excessively modest man, admitted in himself an unusual power "in noticing things which easily escape attention, and in observing them carefully."

p. 60, l. 4. **such modifications are inherited**=such changes in the structure of the animals are reproduced in their descendants.

p. 60, l. 5. **free nature**=nature in the wild state as opposed to animals or plants which have been domesticated or cultivated.

p. 60, l. 12. **logger-headed duck**—a species of duck with a specially large head.

p. 60, l. 16. **ground-feeding birds**=birds which obtain their food entirely from the ground, such as the "peacock."

p. 60, l. 18. **birds . . . oceanic islands**. Darwin means birds like the penguins, which are totally unable to fly. Large numbers of these birds were ruthlessly destroyed for their plumage during the nineteenth century. Laws have now been made to protect them. Penguins are found in the islands of the North Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

p. 61, l. 1. **progenitor**=ancestor.

p. 61, l. 2. **bustard**=a large, heavy bird, found in certain districts of India, which feeds on the ground but still is capable of strong flight. It is known in parts of India as *Houbara*.

p. 61, l. 2. **natural selection**=this process is explained below. The theory has been much disputed by recent scientists.

p. 61, l. 10. **Madeira**—an island off the north-west coast of Africa.

p. 61, l. 13. **genera**=families. Plants and animals are divided by scientists first into families or genera, that is groups which have certain similarities in their structure; thus lions, tigers, leopards belong to the cat family or genus. These families are sub-divided into species, *i.e.* tiger, lion, leopard.

p. 61, l. 20. **desert tracts**—that is, of the continent of Africa.

p. 62, l. 23. **moles**—a small burrowing animal with velvety fur and small eyes found in Europe: it is a *rodent*, that is an animal with strong front (incisor) teeth, and no canine teeth. Canine teeth are developed only in animals that eat flesh.

p. 62, l. 24. **rudimentary**=not strongly developed, imperfectly adapted for use.

p. 63, l. 7. **adhesion**—"sticking to." What is meant here is that the eyelids become less flexible and tend to cover permanently a larger portion of the eye.

p. 63, l. 13. **Styria**—a province in the south-west of Austria.

p. 63, l. 13. **Kentucky**—a state in the middle east of the United States of America.

p. 63, l. 14. **foot-stalk**=a fleshy attachment in the end of which the eye is situated. Crabs have the power of drawing in or putting out these foot-stalks.

X. THE GLOW-WORM

Few insects in our climes vie in popular fame with the glow-worm, that curious little animal which, to celebrate the little joys of life, kindles a beacon at its tail-end. Who does not know it, at least by name? Who has not seen it roam amid the grass, like a spark fallen from the moon at its full? The Greeks of old called it by a word meaning the bright-tailed. Science employs the same term: it calls it the lantern-bearer, *Lampyrus noctiluca*. In this case the common name is inferior to the scientific phrase, which, when translated, becomes both expressive and accurate.

In fact, we might easily cavil at the word "worm." The *Lampyrus* is not a worm at all, not even in general appearance. He has six short legs, which he well knows how to use; he is a gad-about, a trot-about. In the adult state the male is correctly garbed in wing-cases, like the true Beetle that he is. The female is an ill-favoured thing who knows naught of the delights of flying: all her life long she retains the larval shape, which, for the rest, is similar to that of the male, who himself is imperfect so long as he has not achieved the maturity that comes with pairing-time. Even in this initial stage

the word "worm" is out of place. We French have the expression "Naked as a worm" to point to the lack of any defensive covering. Now the Lampyris is clothed, that is to say, he wears an epidermis of some consistency; moreover, he is rather richly coloured: his body is dark brown all over, set off with pale pink on the thorax, especially on the lower surface. Finally, each segment is decked at the hinder edge with two spots of a fairly bright red. A costume like this was never worn by a worm.

Let us leave this ill-chosen denomination and ask ourselves what the Lampyris feeds upon. That master in the art of gastronomy, Brillat-Savarin, said: "Show me what you eat and I will tell you what you are."

A similar question should be addressed, by way of a preliminary, to every insect whose habits we propose to study, for, from the least to the greatest in the zoological progression, the stomach sways the world; the data supplied by food are the chief of all the documents of life. Well, in spite of his innocent appearance, the Lampyris is an eater of flesh, a hunter of game; and he follows his calling with rare villainy. His regular prey is the Snail.

This detail has long been known to entomologists. What is not so well known, what is not known at all yet, to judge by what I have read, is the curious method of attack, of which I have seen no other instance anywhere.

Before he begins to feast, the Glow-worm administers an anæsthetic: he chloroforms his victim,

rivalling in the process the wonders of our modern surgery, which renders the patient insensible before operating on him. The usual game is a small Snail hardly the size of a cherry, such as, for instance, *Helix variabilis*, who, in the hot weather, collects in clusters on the stiff stubble and other long, dry stalks by the road-side and there remains motionless, in profound meditation, throughout the scorching summer days. It is in some such resting-place as this that I have often been privileged to light upon the Lampyris banqueting on the prey which he had just paralysed on its shaky support by his surgical artifices.

But he is familiar with other preserves. He frequents the edges of the irrigating ditches, with their cool soil, their varied vegetation, a favourite haunt of the Mollusc. Here, he treats the game on the ground; and, under these conditions, it is easy for me to rear him at home and to follow the operator's performance down to the smallest detail.

I will try to make the reader a witness of the strange sight. I place a little grass in a wide glass jar. In this I instal a few Glow-worms and a provision of snails of a suitable size, neither too large nor too small, chiefly, *Helix variabilis*. We must be patient and wait. Above all we must keep an assiduous watch, for the desired events come unexpectedly and do not last long.

Here we are at last. The Glow-worm for a moment investigates the prey, which, according to its habit, is wholly withdrawn in the shell, except the edge of the mantle, which projects slightly. Then the

hunter's weapon is drawn, a very simple weapon, but one that cannot be plainly perceived without the aid of a lens. It consists of two mandibles bent back powerfully into a hook, very sharp and as thin as a hair. The microscope reveals the presence of a slender groove running throughout the length. And that is all.

The insect repeatedly taps the Snail's mantle with its instrument. It all happens with such gentleness as to suggest kisses rather than bites. As children, teasing one another, we used to talk of "tweaksies" to express a slight squeeze of the finger-tips, something more like a tickling than a serious pinch. Let us use that word. In conversing with animals, language loses nothing by remaining juvenile. It is the right way for the simple to understand one another.

The Lampyris doles out his tweaks. He distributes them methodically, without hurrying, and takes a brief rest after each of them, as though he wished to ascertain the effect produced. Their number is not great: half a dozen, at most, to subdue the prey and deprive it of all power of movement. That other pinches are administered later, at the time of eating, seems very likely, but I cannot say anything for certain, because the sequel escapes me. The first few, however—there are never many—are enough to impart inertia and loss of all feeling to the Mollusc, thanks to the prompt, I might almost say lightning, methods of the Lampyris, who, beyond a doubt, instils some poison or other by means of his grooved hooks.

Here is the proof of the sudden efficacy of those twitches, so mild in appearance: I take the Snail from the Lampyris, who has operated on the edge of the mantle some four or five times. I prick him with a fine needle in the fore-part, which the animal, shrunk into its shell, still leaves exposed. There is no quiver of the wounded tissues, no reaction against the brutality of the needle. A corpse itself could not give fewer signs of life.

Here is something even more conclusive: chance occasionally gives me Snails attacked by the Lampyris while they are creeping along, the foot slowly crawling, the tentacles swollen to their full extent. A few disordered movements betray a brief excitement on the part of the Mollusc and then everything ceases: the foot no longer slugs; the front part loses its graceful swan-neck curve; the tentacles become limp and give way under their own weight, dangling feebly like a broken stick. This condition persists.

Is the Snail really dead? Not at all, for I can resuscitate the seeming corpse at will. After two or three days of that singular condition which is no longer life and yet not death, I isolate the patient and, though this is not really essential to success, I give him a douche which will represent the shower so dear to the able-bodied Mollusc. In about a couple of days, my prisoner, but lately injured by the Glow-worm's treachery, is restored to his normal state. He revives, in a manner; he recovers movement and sensibility. He is affected by the stimulus of a needle; he shifts his place, crawls, puts out his tentacles, as though nothing unusual had occurred.

The general torpor, a sort of deep drunkenness, has vanished outright. The dead returns to life. What name shall we give to that form of existence which, for a time, abolishes the power of movement and the sense of pain? I can see but one that is approximately suitable: anæsthesia. The exploits of a host of Wasps whose flesh-eating grubs are provided with meat that is motionless though not dead have taught us the skilful art of the paralysing insect, which numbs the locomotory nerve-centres with its venom. We have now a humble little animal that first produces complete anæsthesia in its patient. Human science did not in reality invent this art, which is one of the wonders of latter-day surgery. Much earlier, far back in the centuries, the Lampyris, and, apparently, others knew it as well. The animal's knowledge had a long start of ours; the method alone has changed. Our operators proceed by making us inhale the fumes of ether or chloroform; the insect proceeds by injecting a special virus that comes from the mandibular fangs in infinitesimal doses. Might we not one day be able to benefit from this hint? What glorious discoveries the future would have in store for us, if we understood the beastie's secrets better!

J. H. FABRE, *The Wonders of Instinct*.

This passage, translated from the French of the great naturalist J. H. Fabre, is an admirable example, both of his wonderful patience and accuracy in observing the habits of wild creatures, especially insects, and also of his brilliant power of description. The extract is taken from his work *The Wonders of Instinct*, translated by A. T. de

Mattos, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

p. 66, l. 16. **gad-about**=one given to wandering about idly.

p. 66, l. 21. **larval shape**—the female remains all her life in the wingless grub state. Most insects after emerging from the egg go through three stages of existence: (1) the *larva*, caterpillar or grub stage, (2) the *pupa* or chrysalis stage, (3) the *papilio* or winged stage.

p. 67, l. 5. **epidermis**=outer layer of skin.

p. 67, l. 7. **thorax**=literally chest, the middle portion of an insect's body which consists of three parts—head, thorax and abdomen.

p. 67, l. 14. **gastronomy**=the science of food.

p. 67, l. 20. **progression**=scale.

p. 67, l. 20. **the stomach sways the world**=habits develop out of the necessity imposed upon it in procuring the food it eats.

p. 67, l. 26. **entomologists**=those who study entomology—the science dealing with insects.

p. 68, l. 12. **surgical artifices**, *i.e.* his skill in administering an anæsthetic.

p. 68, l. 14. **preserves**=literally enclosed places where game is preserved for hunting: so "hunting grounds."

p. 68, l. 17. **mollusc**=an animal living in a shell: here =the snail.

p. 68, l. 17. **treats**="deals with."

p. 68, l. 32. **mantle**=an outer fold of skin in molluscs enclosing the interior organs.

p. 69, l. 3. **mandibles**=jaws—or teeth—called at the end of the passage "mandibular fangs."

p. 69, l. 28. **inertia**=loss of motion.

p. 70, l. 7. **reaction against**=shrinking movement from.

p. 70, l. 13. **tentacles**=feelers—long slender appendages which the snail puts out for exploration or when moving.

p. 70, l. 25. **douche**=a pouring of cold water over an animal.

p. 70, l. 26. **able-bodied** = in a normal state of health.

p. 71, l. 6. **anæsthesia** = insensibility.

p. 71, l. 10. **locomotory nerve-centres**—the groups of closely connected nerve cells which convey impulses of sensation and motion to various parts of the body.

p. 71, l. 20. **virus** = poison.

XI. THOREAU'S VISITOR

A MORE simple and natural man it would be hard to find. Vice and disease which are the cause of so much unhappiness in the world, seemed to have hardly any existence for him. He was about twenty-eight years old, and had left Canada and his father's house a dozen years before to work in the United States, and earn money to buy a farm with at last, perhaps in his native country. He was cast in the coarsest mould, a stout but sluggish body, yet gracefully carried, with a thick sunburnt neck, dark bushy hair, and dull, sleepy blue eyes, which were occasionally lit up with expression. He wore a flat grey cloth cap, a dingy great coat, and cowhide boots. He was a great consumer of meat, usually carrying his dinner to his work a couple of miles past my house—for he chopped all summer—in a tin can; cold meats and coffee in a stone bottle which dangled by a string from his belt; and sometimes he offered me a drink. He came along early, crossing my bean-field, though without anxiety or haste to get to his work, such as Yankees exhibit. He wasn't a-going to hurt himself. He didn't care if he only earned his board.

He was a skilful chopper, and indulged in some

flourishes and ornaments in his art. He cut his trees level and close to the ground, that the sprouts which came up afterwards might be more vigorous and a sled might slide over the stumps.

He interested me because he was so quiet and solitary, and so happy withal; a well of good-humour and contentment which overflowed at his eyes. His mirth was without alloy. Sometimes I saw him at his work in the woods, felling trees, and he would greet me with a laugh of inexpressible satisfaction, and a salutation in Canadian French, though he spoke English as well. When I approached him he would suspend his work, and with half-suppressed mirth lie along the trunk of a pine which he had felled, and, peeling off the inner bark, roll it up into a ball and chew it while he laughed and talked. Such an exuberance of animal spirits had he that he sometimes tumbled down and rolled on the ground with laughter at anything which made him think and tickled him. Looking round upon the trees he would exclaim—"By George! I can enjoy myself well enough here chopping; I want no better sport." Sometimes, when at leisure, he amused himself all day in the woods with a pocket pistol, firing salutes to himself at regular intervals as he walked. In the winter we had a fire by which at noon he warmed his coffee in a kettle; and as he sat on a log to eat his dinner, the chickadees would sometimes come round and alight on his arm and peck at the potato in his fingers; and he said that he "liked to have the little *fellers* about him."

In him the animal man chiefly was developed.

In physical endurance and contentment he was cousin to the pine and the rock. I asked him once if he was not sometimes tired at night, after working all day; and he answered with a sincere and serious look, "I never was tired in my life." But the intellectual and what is called spiritual man in him were slumbering as in an infant. He had been instructed only in that innocent and ineffectual way in which the Catholic priests teach the aborigines, by which the pupil is never educated to the degree of consciousness, but only to the degree of trust and reverence, and a child is not made a man, but kept a child. When Nature made him, she gave him a strong body and contentment for his portion, and propped him on every side with reverence and reliance, that he might live out his three score years and ten a child. He was so genuine and unsophisticated that no introduction would serve to introduce him, more than if you introduced a woodchuck to your neighbour. He would not play any part. Men paid him wages for work, and so helped to feed and clothe him; but he never exchanged opinions with them. He was so simple and naturally humble—if he can be called humble who never aspires—that humility was no distinct quality in him, nor could he conceive of it. Wiser men were demigods to him. He particularly revered the writer and the preacher. Their performances were miracles. When I told him that I wrote considerably, he thought for a long time that it was merely the handwriting which I meant, for he could write a remarkably good hand himself. I sometimes found the name of his native parish hand-

somely written in the snow by the highway, with the proper French accent, and knew that he had passed that way. I asked him if he ever wished to write his thoughts. He said that he had read and written letters for those who could not, but he never tried to write thoughts—no, he could not, he could not tell what to put first, it would kill him, and then there was spelling to be attended to at the same time!

I heard that a distinguished wise man and reformer asked him if he did not want the world to be changed; but he answered with a chuckle of surprise, not knowing that the question had ever been entertained before, "No, I like it well enough." It would have suggested many things to a philosopher to have dealings with him. To a stranger he appeared to know nothing of things in general; yet I sometimes saw in him a man whom I had not seen before, and I did not know whether he was as wise as Shakespeare or as simply ignorant as a child—whether to suspect him of a fine poetic consciousness or of stupidity. A townsman told me that when he met him sauntering through the village in his small close-fitting cap, and whistling to himself, he reminded him of a prince in disguise.

His only books were an almanac and an arithmetic, in which last he was considerably expert. The former was a sort of encyclopædia to him, which he supposed to contain an abstract of human knowledge, as indeed it largely does.

One winter day I asked him if he was always satisfied with himself, wishing to suggest to him some higher motive for living. "Satisfied!" said

he, "some men are satisfied with one thing and some with another. One man, perhaps, if he has got enough, will be satisfied to sit all day with his back to the fire and his belly to the table, by George!" Yet I never, by any manœuvring, could get him to take the spiritual view of things; the highest that he appeared to conceive of was a simple expediency, such as you might expect an animal to appreciate; and this, practically, is true of most men. If I suggested any improvement in his mode of life, he merely answered, without expressing any regret, that it was too late. Yet he thoroughly believed in honesty and the like virtues.

H. D. THOREAU, *Walden*.

At Harvard University Thoreau (1817-1862) confined his studies almost entirely to natural history and to classical and oriental literature. In 1845 he retired from society to live on his own resources in simplicity and comparative solitude. Our passage, which is from his best-known book *Walden*, describes one of the acquaintances he made during his two years' sojourn in his little hut by the pond in the woods. "Thoreau's power of observation," says his friend Emerson, "seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard."

p. 74, l. 8. **He was cast in the coarsest mould**—his general physical appearance was entirely lacking in refinement.

p. 74, l. 12. **lit up with expression**—his eyes usually dull occasionally became bright, showing intelligence, when his interest was aroused.

p. 74, l. 16. **chopped**=cut down trees.

p. 74, l. 21. **Yankees**. The Americans of the United States have always been remarkable for their business-like instincts, and for their dislike of wasting time.

p. 74, l. 24. **indulged in some . . . ornaments**—he was in the habit of displaying his skill and dexterity with some ostentation.

p. 75, l. 4. **sled**=sledge—the stumps were cut level with the ground with such skill that a sledge could pass easily over them.

p. 75, l. 6. **well of good-humour . . . eyes**. He was perfectly contented and good-humoured, and these feelings could not help expressing themselves in his eyes, *i.e.* they were expressed in the look in his eyes.

p. 75, l. 8. **without alloy**=lit. without being mixed with an inferior metal. So here his mirth was pure and unmixed with any other feeling, *e.g.* contempt or anger.

p. 75, l. 11. **Canadian French**. The French were the first to colonise Canada. The capital Quebec was captured by the British under General Wolfe in 1759, and Canada was ceded to Great Britain in 1763. But the French-Canadians retained their customs, laws, religion and language: a dialect of French is still spoken in the Quebec province.

p. 75, l. 20. **tickled him**=amused him.

p. 75, l. 24. **firing salutes to himself**, *not* saluting himself but firing salutes for his own amusement—on the analogy of "talking to himself."

p. 75, l. 28. **chickadees**. A small American bird (the Black-capped Titmouse).

p. 75, l. 31. **fellers**. Colloquial for "fellows."

p. 76, l. 1. **cousin to the pine and the rock**=he had the qualities, *i.e.* endurance, contentment with his lot in life, usually attributed to natural objects like pine trees or rocks.

p. 76, l. 5-7. **But the intellectual . . . slumbering as in an infant**=but his intellect was no more developed, and his apprehension of religion was no greater than an infant's.

p. 76, l. 15. **propped him with reverence and reliance**. Nature bestowed on him these two qualities which made him as innocent and happy as a child.

p. 76, l. 16. **three score years and ten**—the average length of man's life according to the Psalmist in the Old Testament. Cf. Psalm xc. 10.

p. 76, l. 19. **woodchuck**=a kind of squirrel.

p. 76, l. 20. **He would not play any part**=he would not behave in any way that was not natural to him. He would act and say exactly what he felt.

p. 76, l. 26. **demigods**=seemed to him to be partially divine, as their wisdom was so far beyond his reach.

p. 77, l. 2. **proper French accent**. There are three accents in French—his putting the correct accent on the word shows that he had acquired a thorough proficiency in writing.

p. 77, l. 7. **it would kill him**. A common expression implying that the exertion caused would be greater than he could bear.

p. 77, l. 17. **a man whom I had not seen before**. He sometimes revealed a nature such as I had never come across before.

p. 77, l. 28. **an abstract**—a summary. Thoreau is thinking of almanacs like *Whitaker's Almanac* or the *Indian Year Book*, which contain information on a variety of subjects.

p. 78, l. 7. **a simple expediency**—he considered that a man's first object in life was simply to seek what was advantageous to himself.

XII. GEORGE BORROW AND THE FLAMING TINMAN

"You need not be afraid," said I, addressing myself to the man, "I mean you no harm; I am a wanderer like yourself—come here to seek for shelter—you need not be afraid. Good day to you, brother; I bid you welcome."

The man eyed me suspiciously for a moment, then, turning to his horse with a loud curse, he pulled him up from his haunches, and led him and the cart farther down to one side of the dingle, muttering as he passed me, "Afraid. H'm!"

I do not remember ever to have seen a more ruffianly-looking fellow; he was about six feet high, with an immensely athletic frame; his face was black and buff, and sported an immense pair of whiskers, but with here and there a grey hair, for his age could not be much under fifty. He wore a faded blue frock-coat and corduroys—on his black head was a kind of red night-cap, round his bull neck a Barcelona handkerchief—I did not like the look of the man at all.

"Afraid," growled the fellow, proceeding to unharness his horse; "that was the word, I think."

But other figures were now already upon the

scene. Dashing past the other horse and cart, which by this time had reached the bottom of the pass, appeared an exceedingly tall woman, or rather girl, for she could scarcely have been above eighteen; she was dressed in a tight bodice, and a blue gown; hat, bonnet, or cap she had none, and her hair, which was flaxen, hung down on her shoulders unconfined; her complexion was fair, and her features handsome, with a determined but frank expression. She was followed by another female, about forty, stout and vulgar-looking, at whom I scarcely glanced, my whole attention being absorbed by the tall girl.

"What's the matter, Jack?" said the latter, looking at the man.

"Only afraid, that's all," said the man, still proceeding with his work.

"Afraid of what—of that lad? Why, he looks like a ghost—I would engage to thrash him with one hand."

"You might beat me with no hands at all," said I, "fair damsel, only by looking at me. I never saw such a face and figure, both regal—why, you look like Ingeborg, Queen of Norway; she had twelve brothers, you know, and could lick them all, though they were heroes."

"None of your chaffing, young fellow," said the tall girl, "or I will give you what shall make you wipe your face; be civil, or you will rue it. Though I keep company with gipsies, I would have you to know that I come of Christian blood and parents, and was born in the great house of Long Melford."

"I have no doubt," said I, "that it was a great

house ; judging from your size, I shouldn't wonder if you were born in a church."

"Stay, Belle," said the man, putting himself before the young virago, who was about to rush on me, "my turn is first";—then advancing to me in a menacing attitude, he said, with a look of deep malignity, "'Afraid' was the word, wasn't it?"

"It was," said I, "but I think I wronged you ; I should have said, aghast, you exhibited every symptom of one labouring under uncontrollable fear."

The fellow stared at me with a look of stupid ferocity, and appeared to be hesitating whether to strike or not ; ere he could make up his mind, the tall girl stepped forward, crying, "He's chaffing ; let me at him" ; and, before I could put myself on my guard, she struck me a blow on the face which nearly brought me to the ground. "Enough," said I, putting my hand to my cheek ; "you have now performed your promise and made me wipe my face. Now be pacified, and tell me fairly the grounds of this quarrel."

"Grounds !" said the fellow ; "didn't you say I was afraid ; and if you hadn't, who gave you leave to camp on my ground?"

"Is it your ground?" said I.

"A pretty question," said the fellow, "as if all the world didn't know that. Do you know who I am?"

"I guess I do," said I ; "unless I am much mistaken, you are he whom folks call the 'Flaming Tinman.' To tell you the truth, I'm glad we've met, for I wished to see you. These are your two

wives, I suppose; I greet them. There's no harm done—there's room enough here for all of us—we shall soon be good friends, I dare say; and when we are a little better acquainted, I'll tell you my history."

"Well, if that doesn't beat all," said the fellow.

"I don't think he's chaffing now," said the girl, whose anger seemed to have subsided on a sudden; "the young man speaks civil enough."

"Civil," said the fellow, with an oath; "but that's just like you; with you it is a blow, and all over. Civil! I suppose you would have him stay here, and get into all my secrets, and hear all I may have to say to my two morts."

"Two morts," said the girl, kindling up, "where are they? Speak for one and no more. I am no mort of yours, whatever someone else may be. I tell you one thing, Black John, or Anselo, for t'other ain't your name, the same thing I told the young man here, be civil, or you will rue it."

The fellow looked at the girl furiously, but his glance soon quailed before hers; he withdrew his eyes, and cast them on my little horse, which was feeding among the trees. "What's this," said he, rushing forward and seizing the animal. "Why, as I'm alive, this is the horse of that mumping villain Slingsby."

"It's his no longer; I bought it and paid for it."

"It's mine now," said the fellow; "I swore I would seize it the next time I found it on my beat; ay, and beat the master too."

"I am not Slingsby."

"All's one for that."

"You don't say you will beat me?"

"Afraid was the word."

"I'm sick and feeble."

"Hold up your fists."

"Wouldn't the horse satisfy you?"

"Horse nor bellows either."

"No mercy, then."

"Here's at you."

"Mind your eyes, Jack. There, you've got it. I thought so," shouted the girl, as the fellow staggered back from a sharp blow in the eye. "I thought he was chaffing at you all along."

"Never mind, Anselo. You know what to do, go in," said the vulgar woman, who had hitherto not spoken a word, but who now came forward with all the look of a fury; "go in apopli; you'll smash ten like he."

The Flaming Tinman took her advice, and came in bent on smashing, but stopped short on receiving a left-handed blow on the nose.

"You'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in that way," said the girl, looking at me doubtfully.

And so I began to think myself, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the Flaming Tinman disengaged himself of his frock-coat, and, dashing off his red night-cap, came rushing in more desperately than ever. To a flush hit which he received in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done; in a moment his arms were around me, and in another, he had hurled me down, falling heavily upon me. The fellow's strength appeared to be tremendous.

"Pay him off now," said the vulgar woman. The Flaming Tinman made no reply, but planting his knees on my breast, seized my throat with two huge horny hands. I gave myself up for dead, and probably should have been so in another minute but for the tall girl, who caught hold of the handkerchief, which the fellow wore round his neck, with a grasp nearly as powerful as that with which he pressed my throat.

"Do you call that fair play?" said she.

"Hands off, Belle," said the other woman; "do you call it fair play to interfere? hands off, or I'll be down upon you myself."

But Belle paid no heed to the injunction, and tugged so hard at the handkerchief that the Flaming Tinman was nearly throttled; suddenly relinquishing his hold of me, he started on his feet, and aimed a blow at my fair preserver, who avoided it, but said coolly:—

"Finish t'other business first, and then I'm your woman whenever you like; but finish it fairly—no foul play when I'm by—I'll be the boy's second, and Moll can pick you up when he happens to knock you down."

The battle during the next ten minutes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but on the contrary received six knock-down blows myself. "I can never stand this," I said, as I sat on the knee of Belle, "I am afraid I must give in; the Flaming Tinman hits very hard," and I spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Sure enough you'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight—it's of no use flipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand; why don't you use your right?"

"Because I'm not handy with it," said I; and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for his one, but they were all left-handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs.

"Now, will you use Long Melford?" said Belle, picking me up.

"I don't know what you mean by Long Melford," said I, gasping for breath.

"Why, this long right of yours," said Belle, feeling my right arm—"if you do I shouldn't wonder if you yet stood a chance."

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself. I, however, rose from my second's knee as well as my weakness would permit me; on he came, striking left and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when he first commenced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled, and his nether lip was cut in two; on he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him. At last he aimed a blow, which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had

been driven; before the Tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted, and it so happened that the blow which I struck the tinker beneath the ear was a right-handed blow.

"Hurrah for Long Melford!" I heard Belle exclaim; "there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over."

At these words, I turned round my head as I lay, and perceived the Flaming Tinman stretched on the ground apparently senseless.

GEORGE BORROW, *Lavengro*.

p. 81, l. 9. **dingle**—a low-lying piece of ground shaded by trees.

p. 81, l. 14. **black and buff**—black because his hair was that colour, and also probably because he was unshaven; buff—a dull yellow was the colour of his skin.

p. 81, l. 14. **sported** = displayed.

p. 81, l. 17. **corduroys** = trousers or breeches made of coarse thick-ribbed cotton stuff, usually worn by labourers.

p. 81, l. 19. **Barcelona handkerchief**. A large, richly-coloured handkerchief made at Barcelona in Spain, and worn by Spaniards round the neck.

p. 82, l. 17. **he looks like a ghost**—pale, white. Borrow had just recovered from an illness.

p. 82, l. 23. **Ingeborg, Queen of Norway**. Daughter of Haakon of Norway who married Eric of Sweden. Their son Magnus succeeded to the combined Norwegian and Swedish thrones in 1319.

p. 82, l. 24. **lick them**—beat them.

p. 82, l. 26. **none of your chaffing**. Stop your bantering (ridiculing).

p. 82, l. 27. **I will give . . . wipe your face**. I will give

you such a blow as will make you rub your face—as she actually did.

p. 82, l. 29. **gipsies**. The word is a corruption of Egyptian, because Egypt was at one time supposed to have been the original home of these wandering tribes. The gipsies gain their living by horse dealing, fortune telling, basket weaving, and mending tin vessels (like the Tinman here). They are found in nearly all European countries, and appear to have come originally from India, as their language, Romany, is nearly akin to Hindi—but their origin is still only obscurely known.

p. 82, l. 31. **Long Melford**. A small town in Suffolk in the east of England. The great house was the workhouse or poorhouse. Later on in the passage Long Melford is used facetiously for a long swinging blow delivered with the right hand.

p. 83, l. 4. **virago**—a woman with the strength and spirit of a man.

p. 83, l. 26. **A pretty question**—that is a fine question—said ironically.

p. 83, l. 30. **Flaming Tinman**. Flaming—probably because of the red nightcap and brightly-coloured handkerchief he wore.

p. 84, l. 6. **Well, if that doesn't beat all**. Some such imprecation as "May I be cursed" is to be understood before "if." The meaning is "that is the most astounding or impudent remark of all you have made."

p. 84, l. 14. **morts**—wives in the gipsy language.

p. 84, l. 18. **t'other ain't your name**. The other (Black Jack) isn't your real name.

p. 84, l. 26. **mumping** = sullen.

p. 84, l. 30. **beat**. The special tract of country which the Flaming Tinman considered his own, in which he used to carry on his profession.

p. 85, l. 1. **All's one for that**. It is all the same thing as far as that is concerned. That makes no difference.

p. 85, l. 17. **apopli** = "again" in gipsy language.

p. 85, l. 28. **flush hit** = a hit full in the face.

p. 86, l. 20. **I'm your woman**—I am ready to fight you.

p. 87, l. 2. **flipping**—hitting feebly.

p. 87, l. 27. **wind of them**—the wind they made when they missed me.

p. 88, l. 8. **there is nothing . . . shortness**. A pun on long and short. A long right-handed blow is the best for making short work of your opponent, *i.e.* beating him in a short time.

XIII. COBBETT BECOMES ENGAGED

WHEN I first saw my wife, she was *thirteen years old*, and I was within about a month of *twenty-one*. She was the daughter of a Sergeant of artillery, and I was the Sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the Province of New-Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her, for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of *conduct* of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and the road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly

light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. "That's the girl for me," said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise, when I told him that all those tall young men, whom he saw around me, were the *sons* of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New-Brunswick at day-break in the morning!

From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once, to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was, at once, settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Frederickton, a distance of a *hundred miles*, up the river of St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment! The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part of becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware, that, when she got to that gay place Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to

her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to *work hard*. I had saved a *hundred and fifty guineas*, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. *I sent her all my money*, before she sailed ; and wrote to her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people : and, at any rate, not to spare the money, by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England ; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad *two years longer* than our time, Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt too, I am afraid ! At the end of *four years*, however, home I came ; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the Major of my regiment. I found my little girl a *servant of all work* (and hard work it was), at *five pounds a year*, in the house of a Captain Brisac ; and without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands *the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken !*

Need I tell the reader what my feelings were ? Need I tell kind-hearted English parents what effect this anecdote *must* have produced on the minds

of our children? Need I attempt to describe what effect this example ought to have on every young woman who shall do me the honour to read this book? Admiration of her conduct, and self-congratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of my own judgement, were now added to my love of her beautiful person.

Now, I do not say that there are not many young women of this country who would, under similar circumstances, have acted as my wife did in this case; on the contrary, I hope, and do sincerely believe, that there are. But when *her age* is considered; when we reflect, that she was living in a place crowded, literally *crowded*, with gaily-dressed and handsome young men, many of whom really far richer and in higher rank than I was, and scores of them ready to offer her their hand; when we reflect that she was living amongst young women who put upon their backs every shilling that they could come at; when we see her keeping the bag of gold untouched, and working hard to provide herself with but mere necessary apparel, and doing this while she was passing from *fourteen to eighteen years of age*; when we view the whole of the circumstances, we must say that here is an example, which, while it reflects honour on her sex, ought to have weight with every young woman whose eyes or ears this relation shall reach.

W. COBBETT, *Advice to Young Men*.

William Cobbett (1763-1835), who was first a ploughman and then a soldier, became a most prolific and influential writer mainly on political subjects at a momentous period of English history. He was a most inconsistent politician,

but his gift of vivid, racy, masculine English gives permanent value to much that he wrote. His *Advice to Young Men* (1830), from which our two autobiographical passages are taken, was addressed primarily to his own sons.

p. 91, l. 5. **St. John**, in the Province of New Brunswick, Canada.

p. 91, l. 12. **of which I have said so much**. Throughout this book Cobbett has insisted upon sobriety as a wisely ideal: a good wife should be self-controlled, moderate and sedate in her conduct, not wayward or fanciful.

p. 91, l. 14. **dead of winter**. The middle of winter—cf. dead of night: the time when everything is perfectly still. The ordinary operations of life are largely suspended on account of the intense cold, and the snow lying on the ground hinders traffic.

p. 92, l. 6. **Preston**, a town in Lancashire, on the river Ribble.

p. 92, l. 6. **the election**. This was the famous election of 1826, fought on the Reform Bill, which, when it became law, enfranchised the mass of the middle and lower middle class. Cobbett in press and in Parliament was a leading advocate of this reform. Sir Walter Scott (p. 126, l. 9, n.) opposed it.

p. 92, l. 7. **same man**, *i.e.* whom he had known in New Brunswick.

p. 92, l. 16. **being transformed into a chest of drawers**. An absurd comparison to show the impossibility of Cobbett's entertaining any such thought.

p. 92, l. 30. **Woolwich**, on the Thames, now a suburb of London to the east. At the time of which Cobbett writes it was the principal depot for artillery. The Arsenal is still at Woolwich.

p. 92, l. 32. **not the most select**—not the people Cobbett himself would have wished to associate with her.

p. 93, l. 4. **paymaster**—the official who pays the troops.

p. 93, l. 4. **quartermaster**—the officer in the regiment whose duties are the assigning of quarters, the laying out of the camp, looking after rations, ammunition, etc.

p. 93, l. 12. **lay out the money**—spend it.

p. 93, l. 15. **As the malignity of the devil would have it.** A strong phrase for “as ill luck would have it,” or “owing to the perversity of fate we were kept. . . .”

p. 93, l. 17. **Mr. Pitt having knocked up . . . Nootka Sound.** Mr. Pitt had caused feelings to become strained between England and Spain, and a good deal of excitement had arisen in consequence. The cause was this: In 1789 an English vessel was seized in Nootka Sound in Vancouver Island by two Spanish ships of war, and her crew imprisoned on the ground that a trespass had been committed against the sovereign rights of Spain. In 1790 war seemed certain, but it was avoided through the firm though conciliatory action of Pitt.

p. 93, l. 20. **bawling.** Cobbett, who was a Radical, naturally disliked Pitt. “Bawling” is used contemptuously here, suggesting that Pitt spoke in a noisy fashion to silence opposition—or used forcible or exaggerated language for the same purpose. This was, as a matter of fact, much truer of Cobbett himself than of Pitt.

p. 93, l. 23. **poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald.** Poor because he was dismissed the army on account of his active sympathy with the French Revolution, and because of his premature death in 1798, due to dangers and hardships incurred as an Irish revolutionary leader.

p. 93, l. 25. **servant of all work**—a servant who did all the work of the house.

p. 93, l. 31. **Need I tell . . . our children.** This book was written in the first place for his own children. Their mother's example must have made a great impression upon them.

p. 94, l. 19. **put upon their backs**—spent all their money on fine clothes.

XIV. COBBETT'S TEMPTATION

PARTLY from misinformation, and partly from miscalculation, I had lost my way ; and, quite alone, but armed with my sword and a brace of pistols, to defend myself against the bears, I arrived at the loghouse in the middle of a moonlight night, the hoar frost covering the trees and the grass. A stout and clamorous dog, kept off by the gleaming of my sword, waked the master of the house, who got up, received me with great hospitality, got me something to eat, and put me into a feather-bed, a thing that I had been a stranger to for some years. I, being very tired, had tried to pass the night in the woods, between the trunks of two large trees, which had fallen side by side; and within a yard of each other. I had made a nest for myself of dry fern, and had made a covering by laying boughs of spruce across the trunks of the trees. But unable to sleep on account of the cold ; becoming sick from the great quantity of water that I had drunk during the heat of the day, and being, moreover, alarmed at the noise of the bears, and lest one of them should find me in a defenceless state, I had roused myself up, and had crept along as well as I could. So that no hero of Eastern romance ever experienced a more enchanting change.

I had got into the house of one of those Yankee loyalists, who, at the close of the revolutionary war (which, until it had succeeded, was called a rebellion) had accepted of grants of land in the King's Province of New Brunswick; and who, to the great honour of England, had been furnished with all the means of making new and comfortable settlements. I was suffered to sleep till breakfast time, when I found a table, the like of which I have since seen so many in the United States, loaded with good things. The master and the mistress of the house, aged about fifty, were like what an English farmer and his wife were half a century ago. There were two sons, tall and stout, who appeared to have come in from work, and the youngest of whom was about my age, then twenty-three. But there was another member of the family, aged nineteen, who (dressed according to the neat and simple fashion of New England, whence she had come with her parents five or six years before) had her long light-brown hair twisted neatly up, and fastened on the top of her head, in which head were a pair of lively blue eyes, associated with features of which that softness and that sweetness, so characteristic of American girls, were the predominant expressions, the whole being set off by a complexion indicative of glowing health, and forming, figure, movements, and all taken together, an assemblage of beauties, far surpassing any that I have ever seen but once in my life. That once was, too, two years ago; and, in such a case and at such an age, two years, two whole years, is a long, long while!

Here was the present against the absent: here was the power of the eyes pitted against that of the memory: here were all the senses up in arms to subdue the influence of the thoughts: here was vanity, here was passion, here was the spot of all spots in the world, and here was also the life, and the manners and the habits and the pursuits that I delighted in: here was everything that imagination can conceive against the poor little brunette in England! What, then, did I fall in love at once with this bouquet of lilies and roses? Oh! by no means. I was, however, so enchanted with the place; I so much enjoyed its tranquillity, the shade of the maple trees, the business of the farm, the sports of the water and of the woods, that I stayed at it to the last possible minute, promising at my departure, to come again as often as I possibly could; a promise which I most punctually fulfilled.

During more than two years I spent all the time I could with my Yankee friends: they were all fond of me: I talked to them about country affairs, my evident delight in which they took as a compliment to themselves: the father and mother treated me as one of their children; the sons as a brother; and the daughter, who was as modest and as full of sensibility as she was beautiful, in a way to which a chap much less sanguine than I was would have given the tenderest interpretation; which treatment I, especially in the last-mentioned case, most cordially repaid.

It is when you meet in company with others of your own age that you are, in love matters, put

most frequently to the test, and exposed to detection. The next door neighbour might, in that country, be ten miles off. We used to have a frolic, sometimes at one house and sometimes at another. Here where female eyes are very much on the alert, no secret can long be kept; and very soon father, mother, brothers and the whole neighbourhood looked upon the thing as certain, not excepting herself, to whom I, however, had never once even talked of marriage, and never had even told her that I loved her. But I had a thousand times done these by implication, taking into view the interpretation that she would naturally put upon my looks and acts; and it was of this, that I had to accuse myself.

Yet I was not a deceiver; for my affection for her was very great: I spent no really pleasant hours but with her: I was uneasy if she showed the slightest regard for any other young man: I was unhappy if the smallest matter affected her health or spirits: I quitted her in dejection, and returned to her with eager delight: many a time, when I could get leave but for a day, I paddled in a canoe two whole succeeding nights, in order to pass that day with her. If this was not love, it was first cousin to it, for as to any criminal intention I no more thought of it, in her case, than if she had been my sister. Many times I put to myself the questions: "What am I at? Is not this wrong? Why do I go?" But still I went.

The last parting came; and now came my just punishment! The time was known to everybody,

and was irrevocably fixed ; for I had to move with a regiment, and the embarkation of a regiment is an epoch in a thinly settled province. To describe this parting would be too painful even at this distant day, and with this frost of age upon my head. The kind and virtuous father came forty miles to see me just as I was going on board in the river. His looks and words I have never forgotten. As the vessel descended, she passed the mouth of that creek which I had so often entered with delight ; and though England, and all that England contained, were before me, I lost sight of this creek with an aching heart.

On what trifles turn the great events in the life of man ! If I had received a cool letter from my intended wife ; if I had only heard a rumour of anything from which fickleness in her might have been inferred ; if I had found in her any, even the smallest, abatement of affection ; if she had but let go any one of the hundred strings by which she held my heart : if any of these, never would the world have heard of me. Young as I was ; able as I was as a soldier ; proud as I was of the admiration and commendations of which I was the object ; fond as I was, too, of the command, which, at so early an age, my rare conduct and great natural talents had given me ; sanguine as was my mind, and brilliant as were my prospects : yet I had seen so much of the meannesses, the unjust partialities, the insolent pomposity, the disgusting dissipations of that way of life, that I was weary of it : I longed, exchanging my fine laced coat for the Yankee farmer's

home-spun, to be where I should never behold the supple crouch of servility, and never hear the hectoring voice of authority again; and, on the lonely banks of this branch-covered creek, which contained (she out of the question) everything congenial to my taste and dear to my heart, I, unapplauded, unfear'd, unenvied and uncalumniated, should have lived and died.

WILLIAM COBBETT, *Advice to Young Men*.

p. 97, l. 5. **loghouse** = a house built of logs. Such as are used by the settlers in Canada, who develop the country and clear away the forests, turning forest land into corn land.

p. 97, l. 10. **feather-bed** = a bed covered with a mattress stuffed with feathers, which is very soft and warm.

p. 97, l. 16. **spruce** = a species of fir tree—akin to the pine trees of the Himalayas.

p. 98, l. 2. **revolutionary war**. The American War of Independence (1776-83). In England it was considered a rebellion on the part of the American Colonists.

p. 98, l. 18. **New England**. A province on the east coast of North America colonised by the English Puritans in the seventeenth century. Its capital was Boston. It now comprises the States of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island.

p. 98, l. 29. **but once in my life**. For this occasion see the previous passage.

p. 99, l. 1. **the present against the absent** = the beauty of this girl who was present, and the beauty of the absent girl in England to whom he was engaged, produced a conflict in his mind.

p. 99, l. 5. **vanity** = his vanity was flattered by the impression he made upon this girl's feelings.

p. 99, l. 9. **brunette** = a dark-skinned, dark-haired woman.

p. 99, l. 11. **bouquet of lilies and roses.** This girl had all the beauty that is produced by a fair skin (lilies) and pink cheeks (roses).

p. 99, l. 14. **maple trees**—the maple belongs to the same family of trees as the *chinar* : maples are common in Canada, and sugar is extracted from them.

p. 99, l. 27. **chap.** Colloquial = " person "—not used in serious prose.

p. 99, l. 28. **given the tenderest interpretation** = would have realised that she was in love with him.

p. 100, l. 3. **frolic** = a merry party—merrymaking.

p. 101, l. 2. **is an epoch . . . province** = is an important date closing a period, *i.e.* while the regiment is there, life is full of variety ; after the regiment has gone life becomes dull and monotonous once more.

p. 101, l. 20. **the hundred strings** = if any one of the hundred ties or bonds by which I was attached to her had been broken.

p. 101, l. 21. **if any of these.** An elliptical sentence. " Things had happened " must be understood as following " these."

p. 101, l. 25. **command** = his position of command as sergeant-major.

p. 101, l. 30. **pomposity** = self-importance.

p. 102, l. 1. **home-spun** = cloth woven at home.

p. 102, l. 2. **supple crouch of servility** = the readiness to bow or bend in a humiliating fashion before one's superiors : as of private soldiers before their officers, or of a person of lower rank generally before a higher.

p. 102, l. 2. **hectoring** = bullying. The word is derived from Hector, the leader of the Trojans in the great Trojan War, who had a blustering manner.

p. 102, l. 7. **uncalumniated** = he would never have had to submit to the abuse which was levelled at him by political writers and others during his later career. He became a noted political writer after his return to England ; his principal political work was the journal, *Cobbett's Weekly Political Register*, which he edited from 1802-1835.

XV. THE DESERT

THE manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn, I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue, and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not therefore allow a halt until the evening came. About mid-day or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by

the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in sense of sky. You look to the sun for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides over head, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning

now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing—yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground: then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exaltation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived pride, for wherever man wanders, he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind; and so when the night closed round me, I began to return—

to return as it were to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment; and when, at last, I regained the spot, it seemed a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread,—Mysseri rattling tea-cups,—the little kettle with her odd, old-maidish looks sat humming away old songs about England, and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood prim and tight with open portal, and with welcoming look.

Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night breeze blew coldly; when that happened, the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the wind that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along those dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course for me. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bedrooms, drawing-rooms, oratories, all crowded in the space of a hearth-rug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By and by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this Desert of Asia, (from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland,) I feasted like a king,—like four kings,—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand; and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start, then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off, and instant upon the fall of the canvas, like an owner who had waited and watched, the Genius of the Desert stalked in.

A. W. KINGLAKE, *Eothen*.

A. W. Kinglake (1809-1891), historian of the Crimean War and author of *Eothen* (1844), one of the most brilliant and popular books of Eastern travel. *Eothen* takes its value

not from any geographical, historical, or political information contained in it, but from the author's constantly and fully revealed personality, and from his vivid gift of communicating to the reader his own experiences and impressions.

p. 104, l. 2. **made the most of about a pint of water.** I washed myself as well as I could in a pint of water. The water was too precious to waste, and so only a pint was available for washing.

p. 104, l. 24. **valleys dug out . . . storm.** The sand on the surface of the desert is always shifting, and winds which gather tremendous force there are able to dig out deep depressions in the sand.

p. 105, l. 3. **samely**—a rare word = possessing a sameness, monotonous in appearance.

p. 105, l. 14. **veiled and shrouded.** On account of the intense heat and glare travellers in the desert not only have to wear veils before their eyes, but wrap up the whole head and neck (shrouded).

p. 105, l. 16. **he strides . . . flaming sword.** You know that the sun is shining (lit. moving) immediately over your head by the heat of his rays which penetrates even through your clothes.

p. 105, l. 28. **throws your lank shadow . . . for Persia.** Lank=lengthened out. Kinglake was travelling south to Cairo, so that the sun setting in the west would cause a shadow of the travellers to be cast towards the east, in which direction lay the road to Persia.

p. 105, l. 30-p. 106, l. 3. **his power is all veiled . . . clings to his side.** A beautiful passage descriptive of the colours of the sunset. The general meaning is: The sun's power to burn has disappeared, and only his beauty remains: instead of seeming red-hot (the redness of flames), his orb is red in colour and beautiful like roses. The clouds which had appeared on the horizon at his rising, but were dissipated by his heat, appear once more in the cool of the evening and are coloured with red light (burning with blushes).

p. 106, ll. 27-29. **sort of childish exaltation . . . wideness of Asia.** I felt a childish pride in my independence in being able to stand alone . . . : the feeling that he was able to

exist in that wide desert if even for a short time without the need of help from others.

p. 107, l. 8. **old-maidish** = the qualities associated with old unmarried ladies are primness, formality, and preciseness. The kettle—which forms such a strange contrast with its surroundings—suggests the formality of civilised life, but it also actually has a prim appearance. The humming noise made by the water recalls to the traveller English home life—hence it seems to be singing English songs.

p. 107, l. 20. **oratories**. An oratory was a prayer-room or small chapel in old houses in England, usually built over the entrance.

p. 107, l. 20. **hearth-rug**. The only luxury which his tent actually held was a small carpet of the size of the rug which in England is spread before the fire-place. But he was so thoroughly content that it served him instead of all the luxurious apartments named.

p. 107, l. 25. **moths** = insects (*tituli*) which fly at night-time.

p. 108, l. 2. **scorched and scorching toast**. Toast is bread held before a fire until it becomes scorched. The toast brought him was brought straight from the fire and was hot, so that it almost burned his mouth.

p. 108, l. 4. **poor, dear, starving Ireland**. Ireland has always exported large quantities of farm produce, butter, eggs, etc., even in times of depression and poverty.

p. 108, l. 6. **a boy in the fourth form**. In English public schools the fourth form is usually the last form below the Upper School. Boys of that and lower forms are proverbial for their love of eating.

p. 108, l. 16. **patent portmanteaus** = large leather travelling bags or suitcases of a pattern patented by some manufacturer or other.

p. 108, l. 27. **the Genius of the Desert stalked in**—Genius = the spirit. The Romans believed that special guardian spirits or genii presided over rivers, lakes, mountains and localities generally: hence the use here. The meaning is that the spot where the camp had been became indistinguishable from the rest of the desert.

XVI. DAMASCUS

DAMASCUS life begins very early in the morning, and the shops are almost all closed by one or two o'clock in the afternoon ; thenceforth the cafés and gardens become filled, and, after sunset, you seldom meet anyone in the streets ; the few who appear there are obliged to carry lanterns, and the different quarters of the town are enclosed by guarded gates.

I made the acquaintance of an Arab physician, who was possessed of considerable wealth, and was, moreover, a person of literary attainments. I accepted an invitation to visit him one evening ; and, after traversing many silent streets, with guarded gates at either end, I arrived at one of the low and unpretending doorways I have mentioned.

I was admitted by a slave, and ushered through a long dark passage into a courtyard, which presented a very striking appearance ; in the midst, the usual fountain leaped and sparkled in the rays that, falling from a painted lantern, converted each drop of spray into rubies or emeralds. Mimosas, hanging their flowery wreaths, and orange-trees bending with their golden fruit, stood round, themselves shadowed by some tall luxuriant palms. On one side, many lights twinkled in the lattices of the hareem ; on

the other rose a wide alcove, with fretted roof, and a raised marble floor. The Divan was occupied by some gorgeously-clad Turks, some merchants, and two Armenian priests in violet robes, and high black turbans. A large painted lantern threw its coloured light upon this picturesque and imposing group.

The circle, except the priests, rose as I entered, and remained standing until I had taken my seat; then, resuming theirs, each laid his hand upon his heart, and, bowing slowly, muttered a greeting. A pipe was then presented, and, according to the pleasant Eastern usage, no observation was addressed to me until I had time to become familiarised with the appearances that surrounded me.

My host was a noble-looking fellow, with piercing eyes and a long black beard; yet his countenance wore an expression of mirth and good-humour, that contrasted curiously with that reverend beard and lofty look. A long robe of dark flame-coloured silk was wrapped round his waist by a voluminous shawl, and a white-muslin turban was folded broadly on his forehead.

He held a conversation (through an interpreter) with great animation and interest on European topics, inquiring about steam, chemistry, and railways. } When I observed that almost all our knowledge of chemistry and astronomy came originally from his country, he said that the Arab science was only like *water* when it came to us in Frangistan: "You put fire *under* it and turn it into *steam*." }

After some conversation on medical subjects, he inquired very eagerly about magnetism, and begged

that I would show him how it was done. Vainly I disclaimed any knowledge of the art: his enthusiasm on the subject was not to be evaded, and, at last, I consented to explain the simple process.

He beckoned to a slave, who was standing by with folded arms, to approach; and, as the gaunt negro knelt before me, the whole circle closed round us, and looked on in breathless surprise, while I passed my hands slowly over my patient's eyes. Soon and suddenly, to my surprise and their astonishment, a shudder passed over the gigantic frame, and he sank upon the ground, huddled like a black cloak that had fallen from a peg. A low exclamation of "Wallah!" escaped from all the bystanders, who, one by one, endeavoured to waken him, but in vain. At length, they said quietly "He is dead," and resumed their pipes and their pleasant attitudes on the divans, as if it was all quite "regular." My host was beside himself with astonishment, and overwhelmed me with eager questions. The physician gazed in silence for some time on the apparently breathless mass of humanity that lay heaped upon the floor; and then, with great diffidence and many apologies, requested I would bring him back to life, as he was worth nearly a hundred pounds. I was far from certain whether, or in what manner, this was to be done, and postponed the attempt as long as possible. At length I tried, and succeeded with a vengeance!

It was like a thousand awakenings from a thousand sleeps—long-suppressed consciousness seemed suddenly to flash upon his brain, too powerfully for its patient

M.E.

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The activity of actions of the senses were below the
 some time when a strong sensation was again the
 activity, suddenly, great

endurance. With a fearful howl, he started to his feet, flung wide his arms, threw back his head, and, while his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, he burst into a terrible shrieking sort of laughter. He seized a large vase of water, and dashed it into fragments on the marble floor: he tore up the divan, and smashed the lantern into a thousand bits; then, with his arms spread wide, he rushed about the courtyard, while the terrified Turks hid themselves, or fled in every direction. As I watched their horror-stricken countenances hurrying to and fro in the various light of the moon and the remaining lantern, their long draperies tangling in the plants and pillars, their black pursuer stalking along as if engaged in some grim game of "blindman's buff": together with the howl of the maniac ringing far and wide through the silent night, the shrieks of the women in the hareem above, the rapid tread of the pursued and the tramp of the pursuer among the palms and mimosas in the strange-looking courtyard, the whole seemed to me like some fearful dream, of which I watched the result in painful and constrained suspense.

At length, the slave became exhausted by the violence of his emotions, and flinging himself upon the ground, sobbed as if his heart would break. Gradually he came to himself, looked puzzledly round on the scene of devastation he had wrought, and then quietly resumed his meek attitude, and stood with folded arms on his naked chest.

As I had preserved an air of quiet indifference (which I was far from feeling) through the transaction,

the Orientals thought the matter was all quite right, and looked upon me with great respect. My host professed himself as much obliged as astonished by the performance, and begged of me to return the next evening to repeat the experiment. "Heaven forbid!" thought I, as I took leave of my host, as the following day I did of Damascus.

ELIOT Warburton, *The Crescent and the Cross*.

Eliot Warburton, the author of the book *The Crescent and the Cross*, from which this extract is taken, was a friend of Kinglake and a fellow-traveller in Egypt.

p. 111, l. 3. **cafés**—are restaurants in which coffee (whence the name) and refreshments generally are served. They are also places of general resort for the inhabitants: there they meet especially in the evening. In this respect in France and countries bordering on the Mediterranean they take the place of the English club.

p. 111, l. 19. **a painted lantern**—an erection on the top of a room or dome fitted with windows of coloured glass to admit light. Painted lantern in the following paragraph has the ordinary sense of a lamp.

p. 111, l. 20. **Mimosas**. Cf. note on p. 30, l. 20.

p. 112, l. 1. **alcove**=a recess in the wall of a room. A word of Arabic origin from *al gobbah*=the vault—a recess having usually a vaulted roof.

p. 112, l. 1. **with fretted roof**, a carved roof.

p. 112, l. 18. **reverend beard**—his beard gave him an air of gravity which commanded respect: his mirthful expression was in marked contrast to his otherwise venerable appearance.

p. 112, l. 30. **You put fire under it . . . steam**. Referring to the discovery of the power of steam for driving engines.

p. 112, l. 32. **magnetism**=an old name for hypnotism.

p. 113, l. 18. **"regular"**=natural—what might be expected.

p. 113, l. 28. **with a vengeance**—to a greater degree than was expected or desired.

p. 114, l. 12. **various light of the moon.** The moon and the lantern were insufficient to light fully the whole of the apartment—parts of it were in light and parts in darkness.

p. 114, l. 15. **grim game of "blindman's buff."** Blindman's buff is a children's game in which one child is blindfolded: his object is to catch one of the other children; when he succeeds, the child who is caught in his turn has his eyes covered. The game here is described as grim because had the slave caught anyone he would probably have done him serious injury.

XVII. THE DEATH OF NELSON

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British Fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the "Redoubtable," supposing that she had struck because her great guns were silent; for as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizentop, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy who was a few steps from him, turning round saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that

new ropes should be rove immediately ; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the Battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipman's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood which he felt momentarily within his breast that no human care could avail him ; insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. " For," said he, " you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to allay his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck the crew of the Victory hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, " Will no one

bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful yet sublimest moment. "Well Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy: "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have attacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and I have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, "there was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will all be over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied, "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, so great that he wished he was

dead. "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes in the same undertone he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cock-pit, returned; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said

Nelson ; and being informed, he replied, " God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned on his right side, and said, " I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the Chaplain, " Doctor, I have not been a great sinner "; and after a short pause, " Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say, " Thank God, I have done my duty ! " These words he had repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

R. SOUTHEY, *Life of Nelson*.

In youth a violent revolutionary, **Southey** (1774-1843) became an equally violent and equally sincere patriot with an eager admiration and enthusiasm for Nelson, his country's hero and defender from the navies of Napoleon. No biographer was more in sympathy with his hero than Southey. He designed his *Life of Nelson* as a manual " for the young sailor, which he may carry about with him," and he wrote it, therefore, in language that is studiously simple.

p. 117, l. 2. **humanity** = consideration for the sufferings and feelings of the enemy.

p. 117, l. 5. **the "Redoubtable."** One of the French ships.

p. 117, l. 5. **struck**. Struck (=hailed down) her colours—to haul down the flag was a sign that the ship had surrendered.

p. 117, l. 10. **mizen top**. The mizen was the aftermost (hindmost) mast of the three in a three-masted ship. The top was the platform round the lower part of the mast. A

gun was often planted upon it to fire down upon the enemy's deck.

p. 117, l. 10. **the then situation.** This construction is only sparingly used by good writers of English. It should *not* be imitated whenever it can be avoided. Thus for "the then Viceroy" it is always possible to say "the Viceroy of that time" or "of that period." It is never used in good English prose with the frequency that it appears in the composition of Indian students.

p. 117, l. 13. **epaulette**—ornamental shoulder-piece forming part of the uniform of an admiral: formerly forming part also of an army officer's uniform.

p. 117, l. 23. **tiller ropes**—the tiller is a lever fitted to the head of the rudder for steering; the ropes attached to either end of this lever are held by the man who steers the vessel.

p. 118, l. 1. **rove**—past tense of "to reeve." A nautical term = to thread, to pass a rope through an aperture—the apertures in this case were at the end of the tiller.

p. 118, l. 8. **cockpit**—the hinder part of a warship's lowest deck. The ships of Nelson's time had three decks. It was used in action as a hospital.

p. 118, l. 10. **pallet** is a mattress, bed stuffed with straw.

p. 118, l. 24. **the event of the action . . . to declare itself** = the result of the fight, which was now becoming clear—that is, it was evident that it would result in a victory for the English.

p. 119, l. 6. **sublimest** = grandest, of a quality impressive in the highest degree—the word sublime suggests two qualities "grand and noble" and "awe-inspiring."

p. 119, l. 9. **van** = the front line of ships.

p. 119, l. 13. **drubbing** = a beating.

p. 119, l. 18. **Lady Hamilton**—wife of Sir William Hamilton, to whom Nelson was devotedly attached.

p. 119, l. 20. **Beatty** = surgeon or doctor on board the *Victory*.

p. 120, l. 16. **Admiral Collingwood**—intimate friend of Nelson, and his immediate subordinate. On the death of his chief he succeeded to the command of the fleet.

p. 120, l. 19. **do you anchor**—an emphatic command—
“I order you to anchor.”

XVIII. DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

ON Monday he remained in bed and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th (July 1832) he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half-an-hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said—"This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk." He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at his desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said—"Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his

cheeks; but composing himself by-and-by, motioned me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me—"Sir Walter has had a little repose"—"No, Willie," said he—"no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself—get me to bed—that's the only place."

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and after another week he was unable even for this. During a few days he was in a state of painful irritation, and I saw realized all that he had himself prefigured in his description of the meeting between Crystal Croftangry and his paralytic friend. Dr. Ross came out from Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, one of the dearest "nieces" of the Clerk's table. Sir Walter with some difficulty recognised the Doctor; but, on hearing Mrs. Ross's voice, exclaimed at once—"Isn't that Kate Hume?" These kind friends remained for two or three days with us. Clarkson's lancet was pronounced necessary, and the relief it afforded was, I am happy to say, very effectual.

After this he declined daily, but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to

be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thought. Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as Sheriff; and once or twice he seemed to be ordering Tom Purdie about trees. A few times also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh, and "Burk Sir Walter" escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah and the Book of Job)—or some petition in the litany,—or a verse of some psalm (in the old Scottish metrical version), or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connection with the Church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the "Dies Iræ"; and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favourite:

"Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa
Dum pendebat filius."

All this time he continued to recognise his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him—and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr. Clarkson, too, was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicholson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."—He paused, and I said—"Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?"—"No," he said, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless you all." With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained anew leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half past one p.m. on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

J. G. LOCKHART, *Life of Scott.*

J. G. Lockhart (1794-1854), the friend and son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, was no less than Southey in perfect sympathy with his hero. The closing chapters of his *Life of Scott* are probably unequalled in biographical literature. No more moving and yet restrained and dignified picture of the decay and death of a great man has ever been written.

p. 124, l. 6. **plaids**. Scotch shawls of cloth, usually brightly coloured like the kilt or uniform of a Highland regiment.

p. 124, l. 14. **I**=Lockhart, the writer of this biography.

p. 124, l. 19. **Sophia**. Sir Walter Scott's daughter.

p. 125, l. 2. **Laidlaw**. Laidlaw was a kind of estate manager for Scott; he was both servant and friend.

p. 125, l. 3. **took his turn of the chair**=took his turn in wheeling the chair.

p. 125, ll. 17-19. **he had himself prefigured . . . paralytic friend**. Crystal Croftangry is a character in one of Scott's short stories in the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, who after an absence of many years visits an old friend, only to find him paralysed and decayed in body and in mind. Scott's present condition proved the insight and the accuracy of this description of this old man.

p. 125, l. 21. **the Clerk's table**. Clerk=Chief Justice Clerk—a Scottish legal rank.

p. 125, l. 23. **Kate Hume**—the maiden name of Mrs. Ross.

p. 125, l. 25. **Clarkson's lancet**. Clarkson was Scott's family doctor. The lancet was used in the letting of blood.

p. 126, l. 6. **Sheriff**. Scott had been appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire (a county in Scotland) in 1799. The Sheriff is the chief legal officer of a shire or county.

p. 126, l. 7. **Tom Purdie**. A faithful and valued friend and servant who had recently died. In 1804 Purdie had been brought before the Sheriff on a charge of poaching, but Scott was so touched by the pathos and humour of his defence that instead of punishing him he took him into his service, first as shepherd and then as forester.

p. 126, l. 9. **Jedburgh . . . Burk Sir Walter**. This refers to an unpleasant experience during the parliamentary

election of 1831 at Jedburgh, a small town in Scotland not far from Abbotsford, whither Scott had gone to give his support to the Tory or Conservative candidate. Political passion ran high, and the radical mob raised the cry, "Burk (murder) Sir Walter." Burk is derived from Burke, a notorious murderer who was hanged in Edinburgh in 1829.

p. 126, l. 13. **the litany**=a part of the service of the church consisting of a series of petitions addressed to the Deity, in which the minister and the congregation take alternate parts.

p. 126, l. 14. **in the old Scottish metrical version.** The psalms sung in Scottish churches are, unlike the versions in the Anglican prayer-book, in metre and rhyme.

p. 126, l. 15. **Romish ritual**=the services used in the Roman Catholic Church: in them ceremonial (the performances of rites and ceremonies) plays a large part; ritual=ceremonial.

p. 126, l. 18. **while in Italy.** Scott set out for Italy in 1831 in the hope of recovering his shattered health: but he returned to Scotland in the following year only to die.

p. 126, l. 19. **cadence**=rhythm—literally "the fall of the voice at the end of a song"—then "the rise and fall": so "the rhythm."

p. 126, l. 20. **Dies Irae**=a famous Latin hymn on "the day of wrath"—the Day of Judgment. Scott has translated it in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

p. 126, l. 23. **Stabat Mater**=another hymn relating the feelings of Mary the mother of Christ at beholding her Son's sufferings on the Cross. The three lines may be roughly translated as follows:

"O'ercome with tears, oppressed with grief,
Beside the cross the Mother stood
While her Son hung (on the Cross)."

p. 126, l. 30. **though the cloud opened . . . do so.** Though his brain became clear only long enough to enable him to recognise Mr. Clarkson and salute him.

p. 126, l. 32. **the gentleman survived the genius**—the instincts of a gentleman, which Scott possessed in a strong

degree, remained with him after his imagination (the characteristic of a genius) had ceased to operate. He showed no signs during his last hours of the genius he had possessed.

p. 127, l. 2. **Nicholson**. Scott's valet or personal servant.

p. 127, l. 27. **the Tweed**—the river flows close to Abbotsford; the sound the water makes as it passes over the pebbles which form its bed has a peculiar charm.

XIX. THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

FOR full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, in a low voice, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec."

As they neared their destination the tide bore them in towards the shore and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp "Qui Vive!" of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. "France!" answered a Highland officer from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland and spoke French fluently.

"A quel régiment ? "

"De la Reine," replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry expecting the convoy of provisions from that commander, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water within range of a pistol-shot. In answer to his questions the same officer replied, in French ; "Provision boats. Don't make a noise ; the English will hear us." In fact, the sloop-of-war Hunter was anchored in the stream not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing-place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body.

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he had found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe : the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance.

It was towards ten o'clock when from the high

ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field pieces, which had been dragged up the heights, fired on them with grape-shot, and the British troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods, then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by the French officers to have sounded like a cannon-shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some

advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers; one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company; and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There is no need," he answered, "it is all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out, "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. They give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge!" Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, *Montcalm and Wolfe*.

Parkman (1823-1893) is at once a master of narrative and picturesque history, and a lover of truth for whom no

pains were too great that might establish a fact. He tells us that he wrote as a sharer or spectator of the actions he described. The passage selected is from his *Montcalm and Wolfe*, the dramatic story of the great contest between England and France for possession of Canada.

p. 131, l. 2. **St. Lawrence.** The river in Canada on which Quebec stands: the town is situated on a lofty ridge known as the Heights of Abraham.

p. 131, l. 9. **Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."** Thomas Gray (1716-71) wrote this famous poem in 1751.

p. 131, l. 21. **"Qui Vive!"** equivalent to the English "Who goes there?": the challenge used by sentries.

p. 132, l. 1. **"A quel régiment?"** = "To what regiment (do you belong)?"

p. 132, l. 2. **"De la Reine"** = "The Queen's (Regiment)."

p. 132, l. 3. **Bougainville** (1729-1811) = French navigator and soldier, at this time aide-de-camp to Montcalm.

p. 132, l. 17. **Anse de Foulon.** A tiny landing-place on the river a mile and a half above Quebec, now called Wolfe's Cove.

p. 132, l. 25. **Montcalm** (1712-1759), the brilliant and gallant general who commanded the French force in Canada. He fell mortally wounded in the action described in this passage.

p. 132, l. 30. **tartans.** The kilts worn by Highland regiments.

p. 133, l. 5. **field pieces** = light guns, easily moved about.

p. 133, l. 6. **grape-shot.** A number of small balls enclosed in a bag so that when fired the balls would scatter.

p. 133, l. 24. **a clattering fire.** Firing which produced an irregular, confused sound.

p. 133, l. 31. **slogan**—the Highland war-cry.

p. 133, l. 32. **pushed forward** = advanced hurriedly.

p. 134, l. 5. **sharpshooters**—especially skilled marksmen.

p. 134, l. 8. **Louisbourg.** A town and port of Nova

Scotia named after the King of France. Under French rule it was second only to Quebec in importance.

p. 134, l. 25. **Charles River.** The Charles River runs into the St. Lawrence from the north immediately to the east of Quebec.

XX. ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

ST. FRANCIS was born in the romantic town of Assisi, of a family, the Bernardini, engaged in trade. His birth took place while his father was on a mercantile journey in France; on his return his new-born son was baptized by the name of Francis. His mother, Picca, loved him with all a mother's tenderness for her first-born. He received the earliest rudiments of instruction from the clergy of the parish of St. George: he was soon taken to assist his father in his trade. The father, a hard money-making man, was shocked at first by the vanity and prodigality of his son. The young Francis gave banquets to his juvenile friends, dressed splendidly, and the streets of Assisi rang with the songs and revels of the joyous crew; but even then his bounty to the poor formed a large part of his generous wastefulness. He was taken captive in one of the petty wars which had broken out between Perugia and Assisi, and remained a whole year in prison. He was then seized with a violent illness; when he rose from his bed nature looked cold and dreary; he began to feel disgust of the world. The stirrings of some great but yet undefined purpose were already awake within him. He began to see visions, but as yet they were of war

and glory: the soldier was not dead in his heart. He determined to follow the fortunes of a youthful poor knight who was setting out to fight under the banner of the "Gentle Count," Walter of Brienne, against the hated Germans. At Spoleto he again fell ill; his feverish visions took another turn.

Francis now felt upon him that profound religious thralldom which he was never to break, never to desire to break. His whole soul became deliberately, calmly, ecstatic faith. He began to talk mysteriously of his future bride—that bride was Poverty. He resolved never to refuse alms to a poor person. He found his way to Rome, threw down all he possessed, no costly offering, on the altar of St. Peter.

On his return he joined a troop of beggars, and exchanged his dress for the rags of the filthiest among them. His mother heard and beheld all his strange acts with a tender and prophetic admiration. To a steady trader like the father it was folly if not madness. He was sent with a valuable bale of goods to sell at Foligno. On his return he threw all the money down at the feet of the priest of St. Damian to rebuild his church, as well as the price of his horse, which he likewise sold. The priest refused the gift. In the eyes of the father this was dishonesty as well as folly.

Francis concealed himself in a cave, where he lay hid for a month in solitary prayer. He returned to Assisi, looking so wild and haggard, that the rabble hooted him as he passed, and pelted him with mire and stones. The gentle Francis appeared to rejoice

from the following to the end of the chapter

Francis hid himself in a cave, where he lay hid for a month in solitary prayer. He returned to Assisi, looking so wild and haggard, that the rabble hooted him as he passed, and pelted him with mire and stones. The gentle Francis appeared to rejoice

in every persecution. The indignant father shut him up in a dark chamber, from which, after a time, he was released by the tender solicitude of his mother.

Bernardini now despaired of his unprofitable and intractable son, whom he suspected of alienating other sums besides that which he had received for the cloth and the horse. He cited him before the magistrates to compel him to abandon all rights on his patrimony, which he was disposed to squander in this thriftless manner. Francis declared that he was a servant of God, and declined the jurisdiction of the civil magistrate. The cause came before the Bishop. The Bishop earnestly exhorted Francis to yield up to his father any money which he might possess, or to which he was entitled. "It might be ungodly gain, and so unfit to be applied to holy uses." "I will give up the very clothes I wear," replied the enthusiast, encouraged by the gentle demeanour of the Bishop. He stripped himself entirely naked. "Peter Bernardini was my father; I have now but one Father, He that is in Heaven." The audience burst into tears; the Bishop threw his mantle over him, and ordered an old coarse dress of an artisan to be brought: he then received Francis into his service.

Francis was now wedded to Poverty; but poverty he would only love in its basest form—mendicancy. He wandered abroad, was ill-used by robbers; on his escape received from an old friend a hermit's attire—a short tunic, a leathern girdle, a staff and slippers. He begged at the gates of monasteries; he discharged

*more on the subject of poverty
should not be forgotten.*

the most menial offices. With even more profound devotion he dedicated himself for some time in the hospital at Gubbio to the lepers. He tended them with more than necessary affectionateness, washed their feet, dressed their sores, and is said to have wrought miraculous cures among them.

On his return to Assisi he employed himself in the restoration of the Church of St. Damian. "Whoever will give me one stone shall have one prayer; whoever two, two; three, three." The people mocked, but Francis went on carrying the stones in his own hands, and the church began to rise. He refused all food which he did not obtain by begging. His father reproached him and uttered his malediction. He took a beggar of the basest class: "Be thou my father and give me thy blessing." But so successful was he in awakening the charity of the inhabitants of Assisi, that not only the Church of St. Damian but two others, through his means arose out of their ruins to decency and even splendour. One day in church he heard the text, "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses. Neither scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves." He threw away his wallet, his staff, and his shoes, put on the coarsest dark gray tunic, bound himself with a cord, and set out through the city calling all to repentance.

This strange but fervent piety of Francis could not but, in that age, kindle the zeal of others. Wonder grew into admiration, admiration into emulation, emulation into a blind following of his footsteps. Disciples, one by one, began to gather round him.

He retired with them to a lonely spot in the bend of the river, called Rivo Torto.

H. H. MILMAN, *Latin Christianity*.

No Indian student can fail to see the beauty of the life and character of St. Francis of Assisi. His ascetic ideal and practice, his devotion to the poor, the sick, and the leper, his love of poverty, his feeling for the kinship of all living things, which led him to preach to the birds and the fishes, have always been considered in India the essential saintly virtues. The Franciscan order of preaching friars, whose members are to be found in every corner of the world leading self-sacrificing lives, was founded by St. Francis in 1209. *Latin Christianity*, by Dean Milman (1791-1868), is noteworthy for its reverent yet human presentation of the great ascetic saints of the medieval Catholic Church.

p. 137, l. 8. **parish.** A parish is a subdivision of a county or a town having its own church, with one or more clergymen attached to it.

p. 137, l. 18. **Perugia and Assisi** are neighbouring towns in Umbria, a province in Central Italy.

p. 137, l. 20. **nature looked cold and dreary.** The world no longer seemed to be the pleasant and cheerful place he had thought it to be before his illness. This illness altered his whole outlook upon life.

p. 137, l. 22. **The stirrings of some great . . . within him.** He began to feel that he was born to carry out some great mission, but he was as yet uncertain of what nature it was to be.

p. 138, l. 1. **the soldier was not dead in his heart.** His love of the soldier's profession was still strong in him.

p. 138, l. 4. **Walter of Brienne** = Count of Brienne in the N.E. of France.

p. 138, l. 5. **Spoleto** = a town also in Umbria.

p. 138, l. 7. **religious thralldom.** The strong binding power of religion upon his mind.

p. 138, l. 14. **altar of St. Peter.** At the altar in the great Church of St. Peter's at Rome. The building of St. Peter's began in 1450 and the church was consecrated in November 1626.

p. 138, l. 22. **Foligno.** Another town in Umbria, south of Assisi.

p. 138, l. 23. **St. Damian.** A church in Assisi.

p. 139, l. 6. **alienating**—removing, abstracting.

p. 139, l. 13. **The cause came before the Bishop.** The Bishops held ecclesiastical courts in medieval times, which tried all cases in which the clergy were involved. As this case concerned a church Francis claimed that it should come under the Bishop's jurisdiction.

p. 139, l. 28. **its basest form.** In its humblest, lowliest form.

p. 140, l. 1. **offices**—duties.

p. 140, l. 3. **Gubbio**—a town in Umbria, north of Perugia.

p. 140, l. 23. **scrip.** A beggar's or pilgrim's wallet or bag.

XXI. MY FIRST OUTING

ONCE, when the dengue fever was raging in Calcutta, some portion of our extensive family had to take shelter in Chhatu Babu's river-side villa. We were among them.

This was my first outing. The bank of the Ganges welcomed me into its lap like a friend of a former birth. There, in front of the servants' quarters, was a grove of Guava trees; and, sitting in the verandah under the shade of these, gazing at the flowing current through the gaps between their trunks, my days would pass. Every morning, as I awoke, I somehow felt the day coming to me like a new gilt-edged letter, with some unheard-of news awaiting me on the opening of the envelope. And, lest I should lose any fragment of it, I would hurry through my toilet to my chair outside. Every day there was the ebb and flow of the tide on the Ganges; the various gait of so many different boats; the shifting of the shadows of the trees from west to east; and, over the fringe of shade-patches of the woods on the opposite bank, the gush of golden life-blood through the pierced breast of the evening sky. Some days would be cloudy from early morning; the opposite woods black; black shadows

moving over the river. Then with a rush would come the vociferous rain, blotting out the horizon; the dim line of the other bank taking its leave in tears: the river swelling with suppressed heavings; and the moist wind making free with the foliage of the trees overhead.

I felt that out of the dowels or wail, beam and rafter, I had a new birth into the outside. In making fresh acquaintance with things, the dingy covering of petty habits seemed to drop off the world. I am sure that the suga. ane molasses, which I had with cold "luchis" for my breakfast, could not have tasted different from the ambrosia which Indra quaffs in his heaven; for, the immortality is not in the nectar but in the taster, and thus is missed by those who seek it.

Behind the house was a walled-in enclosure with a tank and a flight of steps leading into the water from a bathing platform. On one side of the platform was an immense Jambolan tree, and all round were various fruit trees, growing in thick clusters, in the shade of which the tank nestled in its privacy. The veiled beauty of this retired little inner garden had a wonderful charm for me, so different from the broad expanse of the river-bank in front. It was like the bride of the house, in the seclusion of her mid-day siesta, resting on a many-coloured quilt of her own embroidering, murmuring low the secrets of her heart. Many a mid-day hour did I spend alone under that Jambolan tree dreaming of the fearsome kingdom of the Yakshas within the depths of the tank.

I had a great curiosity to see a Bengal village. Its clusters of cottages, its thatched pavilions, its lanes and bathing places, its games and gatherings, its fields and markets, its life as a whole as I saw it in my imagination, greatly attracted me. Just such a village was right on the other side of our garden wall, but it was forbidden to us. We had come out, but not into freedom. We had been in a cage, and were now on a perch, but the chain was still there.

One morning two of our elders went out for a stroll into the village. I could not restrain my eagerness any longer, and, slipping out unperceived, followed them for some distance. As I went along the deeply shaded lane, with its close thorny "seora" hedges, by the side of the tank covered with green water weeds, I rapturously took in picture after picture. I still remember the man with bare body, engaged in a belated toilet on the edge of the tank, cleaning his teeth with the chewed end of a twig. Suddenly my elders became aware of my presence behind them. "Get away, get away, go back at once!" they scolded. They were scandalised. My feet were bare, I had no scarf or upper robe over my tunic, I was not dressed fit to come out; as if it was my fault! I never owned any socks or superfluous apparel, so not only went back disappointed for that morning, but had no chance of repairing my short-comings and being allowed to come out any other day. However, though the Beyond was thus shut out from behind, in front the Ganges freed me from all bondage, and my mind, whenever it listed, could embark on the boats gaily

sailing along, and hie away to lands not named in any geography.

This was forty years ago. Since then I have never set foot again in that "Champak"-shaded villa garden. The same old house and the same old trees must still be there, but I know it cannot any longer be the same—for where am I now to get that fresh feeling of wonder which made it what it was?

We returned to our Jorasanko house in town. All my days were as so many mouthfuls offered up to be gulped down into the yawning interior of the Normal School.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, *My Reminiscences*.

Dr. Rabindranath Tagore's prose is noteworthy for its wealth of poetic imagery. The last portion of this passage is, however, simple, and the whole is a sympathetic and vivid picture of river scenery in Bengal.

p. 143, l. 1. **dengue fever** = an infectious fever causing severe pain in the joints.

p. 143, l. 13. **gilt-edged letter** = such as are used for sending invitations to marriages.

p. 143, l. 18. **various gait** = each boat in motion presented a different appearance.

p. 143, l. 20. **over the fringe of shade-patches . . . evening sky**. The poet is looking at the scenery of the opposite bank of the river. The woods are evidently at some distance and form a fringe (thin irregular border) of shadow against the sky-line: from rifts in the clouds emerge shafts of golden light.

p. 144, l. 3. **the dim line . . . in tears** = the falling rain made it impossible for you to see the line of the opposite bank.

p. 144, l. 5. **making free with** = moving violently.

p. 144, l. 7. **I felt that out of the bowels . . . into the**

outside. I felt that during my stay in this villa (wall, beam and rafter) I was getting a new insight into life.

p. 144, l. 13. **ambrosia** = the food eaten by gods ; **nectar**, their drink. Both words are of Greek origin.

p. 144, l. 14. **immortality is not in the nectar . . . seek it.** To see beauty and truth one must be born with the power to see it : it will not come by seeking.

p. 144, l. 27. **siesta** = mid-day rest.

p. 146, l. 4. **champak** = the *champa* tree.

p. 146, l. 10. **All my days were so many mouthfuls . . .**
Normal School = all my days were spoiled for me by being spent at school.

XXII. THE INDIAN JUGGLERS

COMING forward and seating himself on the ground in his white dress and tightened turban, the chief of the Indian Jugglers begins with tossing up two brass balls, which is what any of us could do, and concludes with keeping up four at the same time, which is what none of us could do to save our lives, nor if we were to take our whole lives to do it in. Is it then a trifling power we see at work, or is it not something next to miraculous? It is the utmost stretch of human dexterity, which nothing but the bending the faculties of body and mind to it from the tenderest infancy with incessant, ever anxious application up to manhood can accomplish or make even a slight approach to.

Man, thou art a wonderful animal, and thy ways past finding out! Thou canst do strange things, but thou turnest them to little account! To conceive of this effort of extraordinary dexterity distracts the imagination and makes admiration breathless. Yet it costs nothing to the performer, any more than if it were a mere mechanical deception with which he had nothing to do but to watch and laugh at the astonishment of the spectators.

A single error of a hair's-breadth, of the smallest

conceivable portion of time, would be fatal: the precision of the movements must be like a mathematical truth, their rapidity is like lightning. To catch four balls in succession in less than a second of time, and deliver them back so as to return with seeming unconsciousness to the hand again; to make them revolve round him at certain intervals, like the planets in their spheres; to make them chase one another like sparkles of fire, or shoot up like flowers or meteors; to throw them behind his back and twine them round his neck like ribbons or like serpents; to do what appears an impossibility, and to do it with all the ease, the grace, the carelessness, imaginable; to laugh at, to play with the glittering mockeries; to follow them with his eye as if he could fascinate them with its lambent fire, or as if he had only to see that they kept time with the music on the stage,—there is something in all this which he who does not admire may be quite sure he never really admired anything in the whole course of his life.

It is skill surmounting difficulty, and beauty triumphing over skill. It seems as if the difficulty once mastered naturally resolved itself into ease and grace, and as if to be overcome at all, it must be overcome without an effort. The smallest awkwardness or want of pliancy or self-possession would stop the whole process. It is the work of witchcraft, and yet sport for children.

Some of the other feats are quite as curious and wonderful, such as the balancing the artificial tree and shooting a bird from each branch through a

something is going on
of a very different kind
from the others

quill; though none of them have the elegance or facility of the keeping up of the brass balls. You are in pain for the result, and glad when the experiment is over; they are not accompanied with the same unmixed unchecked delight as the former; and I would not give much to be merely astonished without being pleased at the same time.

As to the swallowing of the sword, the police ought to interfere to prevent it. When I saw the Indian Juggler do the same things before, his feet were bare, and he had large rings on the toes, which kept turning round all the time of the performance, as if they moved of themselves. The hearing a speech in Parliament drawled or stammered out by the Honourable Member or the Noble Lord; the ringing the changes on their commonplaces, which anyone could repeat after them as well as they, stirs me not a jot, shakes not my good opinion of myself; but the seeing the Indian Jugglers does.

It makes me ashamed of myself. I ask what there is that I can do as well as this? Nothing. What have I been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to show for all my labour and pains? Or have I passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves, rolling a stone up a hill and then down again, trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes in the dark and not finding them?

Is there no one thing in which I can challenge competition, that I can bring as an instance of exact perfection in which others cannot find a flaw? The utmost I can pretend to is to write a description

of what this fellow can do. I can write a book : so can many others who have not even learned to spell. What abortions are these Essays ! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions ! How little is made out and that little how ill !

Yet they are the best I can do. I endeavour to recollect all I have ever observed or thought upon a subject, and to express it as nearly as I can. Instead of writing on four subjects at a time, it is as much as I can manage to keep the thread of one discourse clear and unentangled. I have also time on my hands to correct my opinions and polish my periods ; but the one I cannot, and the other I will not do. I am fond of arguing : yet with a good deal of pains and practice it is often as much as I can do to beat my man ; though he may be an indifferent hand.

I have always had this feeling of the inefficacy and slow progress of intellectual compared to mechanical excellence, and it has always made me somewhat dissatisfied. It is a great many years since I saw Richer, the famous rope-dancer perform. He was matchless in his art, and added to his extraordinary skill exquisite ease, and unaffected, natural grace. I was at that time employed in copying a half-length picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds's ; and it put me out of conceit with it. How ill this part was made out in the drawing ! How heavy, how slovenly this other was painted ! I could not help saying to myself, " If the rope-dancer had performed his task in this manner, leaving so many gaps and botches in

his work, he would have broken his neck long ago ; I should never have seen that vigorous elasticity of nerve and precision of movement."

Is it, then, so easy an undertaking (comparatively) to dance on a tight-rope? Let anyone who thinks so get up and try. There is the thing. It is that which at first we cannot do at all which in the end is done to such perfection.

//To account for this in some degree, I might observe that mechanical dexterity is confined to doing some one particular thing, which you can repeat as often as you please, in which you know whether you succeed or fail, and where the point of perfection consists in succeeding in a given undertaking. In mechanical efforts you improve by perpetual practice, and you do so infallibly, because the object to be attained is not a matter of taste or fancy or opinion, but of actual experiment, in which you must either do the thing or not do it. If a man is put to aim at a mark with a bow and arrow, he must hit it or miss it, that's certain. He cannot deceive himself, and go on shooting wide or falling short, and still fancy that he is making progress. The distinction between right and wrong, between true and false, is here palpable, and he must either correct his aim or persevere in his error with his eyes open, for which there is neither excuse nor temptation.

If a man is learning to dance on a rope, if he does not mind what he is about he will break his neck. After that it will be in vain for him to argue that he did not make a false

step. His situation is not like that of Goldsmith's pedagogue :—

“ In argument they own'd his wondrous skill,
And e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.”

Danger is a good teacher, and makes apt scholars. So are disgrace, defeat, exposure to immediate scorn and laughter. There is no opportunity in such cases for self-delusion, no idling time away, no being off your guard (or you must take the consequences)—neither is there any room for humour or caprice or prejudice. If the Indian Juggler were to play tricks in throwing up the three case-knives, which keep their position like the leaves of a crocus in the air, he would cut his fingers. I can make a very bad sentence without cutting my fingers.

There is, then, in this sort of manual dexterity, first a gradual aptitude acquired to a given exertion of muscular power, from constant repetition, and in the next place, an exact knowledge how much is still wanting and necessary to be supplied. The obvious test is to increase the effort or nicety of the operation, and still to find it come true. The muscles ply instinctively to the dictates of habit. Certain movements and impressions of the hand and eye, having been repeated together an infinite number of times, are unconsciously but unavoidably cemented into closer and closer union; the limbs require little more than to be put in motion for them to follow a regular track with ease and certainty; so that the mere intention of the will acts mathematically like touching the spring of a machine, and you

come with Locksley in *Ivanhoe*, in shooting at a mark, "to allow for the wind."

WILLIAM HAZLITT, *Essays*.

William Hazlitt (1778-1830) was one of the greatest of English essay writers. His best essays, of which this is one, have scarcely ever been equalled for clearness of thought and arrangement, and exactness in writing. A brief outline of the essay will be valuable as illustrating the essentials of a good essay. The real subject is physical dexterity. Hazlitt begins, like all good writers, with (1) a striking opening sentence describing in picturesque language the juggler's performance with four balls. He then proceeds as follows:—(2) the great skill involved in the performance; (3) yet it costs the juggler no special effort—constant practice has made him perfect; (4) the beauty and grace of the performance; (5) other feats are as wonderful, but do not give the same unmixed delight; (6) other performances, such as essay writing, cannot be brought to the same pitch of perfection as the mechanical perfection displayed by the jugglers; (7) Richer, the rope-dancer, displayed a similar perfection; (8) how mechanical perfection is achieved and what it consists in.

p. 148, l. 6. **to save our lives**=under even the most pressing necessity; under any circumstances.

p. 148, l. 10. **stretch of human dexterity**=the highest example of man's skill.

p. 148, l. 11. **bending the faculties of body and mind**=forcing the powers of body and mind to work together for a common end.

p. 148, l. 18. **distracts the imagination**=it perplexes the faculties of the mind. The mind is at a loss to comprehend how such dexterity has been acquired. Imagination is here used in a general sense=the mental faculties.

p. 149, l. 8. **planets in their spheres**=spheres here has practically the sense of the circular paths which the planets pursue in their courses round the sun.

p. 149, l. 9. **like sparkles of fire . . . meteors**. A graphic and beautiful picture of the appearance the glittering balls

present to the spectator as they follow one another from one hand of the juggler to the other. They **chase . . . fire** = when their movement is rapid and the distance they travel is short. When the juggler begins throwing them straight up into the air they seem to shoot up like flowers, and then to fall back into his other hand like meteors.

p. 149, l. 15. **glittering mockeries** = because to the spectator they seem to assume a character, *i.e.* meteors, ribbons, serpents, which they do not really possess.

p. 149, l. 16. **lambent fire** = fire which plays on the surface of an object without burning it—like the flame of alcohol or spirit which has been spilt upon a table. Used here of the bright light of the juggler's eyes as he watches the balls.

p. 150, l. 1. **quill** = a blowpipe—such as the South American people use to kill birds with.

p. 150, l. 2. **facility** = the impression of ease.

p. 150, l. 8. **the police ought to interfere to prevent it.** This remark is only half-serious. Hazlitt means that the sword-swallowing trick is a very unpleasant sight and not very desirable as a display.

p. 150, l. 15. **the ringing the changes on their common-places.** The metaphor is taken from bell ringing—the number of bells each producing a different note is limited, and variety is obtained by changing the order in which they are pealed. Here the meaning is that the speakers only have a limited number of topics and even those are stale. These they repeat over and over again with slight variations in phraseology and content.

p. 150, l. 24. **pouring words like . . . again.** In these two sentences are mentioned two tasks which are profitless. Each is an allusion to a famous legend in Greek mythology. The Danaïdes, the fifty daughters of Danaus, were punished in Hades for murdering the fifty sons of King Ægyptus by being compelled everlastingly to pour water into a sieve or a jar with a hole in it. Sisyphus, King of Corinth, for treachery against the gods, was similarly condemned to roll a huge stone uphill, which as soon as it reached the summit rolled down again.

p. 151, l. 2. **who have not even learned to spell**—that is, spell correctly—the printer correcting their mistakes.

p. 151, l. 3. **abortions**=imperfect compositions, full of flaws.

p. 151, l. 4. **what ill-pieced transitions**=the passing from one idea to the next without showing a clear connection; **crooked reasons**=arguments which are not straightforward, fallacious; **lame conclusions**=unsatisfactory conclusions, after wasting a good deal of argument.

p. 151, l. 11. **thread**=the connection.

p. 151, l. 13. **polish my periods**=add grace to my sentences by carefully going over them, recasting them, adding to them, or cutting out superfluous words.

p. 151, l. 14. **I will not do**=I am too lazy to do.

p. 151, l. 17. **an indifferent hand**=a feeble or inferior debater. **hand**=a craftsman, or exponent of an art.

p. 151, l. 27. **Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792)**, a great English portrait painter. He was a friend of many of the most famous Londoners of his day, such as Garrick the actor, Burke the orator and statesman, Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson the writers.

p. 151, l. 27. **it put me out of conceit with it**=it gave me a distaste for my work, because I recognised how inferior my skill as a copyist was to Richer's original skill though in an art which would be generally considered as inferior to painting.

p. 151, l. 32. **botches**=patches—pieces of clumsy work.

p. 152, l. 4. **(comparatively)**=when compared with any similar performance.

p. 153, l. 1. **Goldsmith's pedagogue**. The village school-master of Auburn in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, lines 211-212. Hazlitt is quoting from memory. The lines in the poem are:

"In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still."

p. 153, l. 8. **being off your guard**=being unwary, careless about what you are doing.

p. 153, l. 12. **case-knives** = a case knife is a large knife worn in a sheath.

p. 153, l. 12. **which keep their . . . crocus** = the knives as they rise into the air from the juggler's hand keep their upright, vertical position all the time, so that they look like the leaves of a crocus. The crocus is a small bulbous plant, the leaves of which spring up vertically from the bulb. Saffron (*zafran*) is made from a species of crocus.

p. 153, l. 16—p. 154, l. 2. **There is, then . . . allow for the wind.** This extreme dexterity is acquired first by exercising the muscles until they are fitted to perform a certain action—then by realising exactly what is still wanting to its perfect accomplishment. The action is then repeated continually and under increasingly difficult conditions, until the eye and hand work so easily and unconsciously together that at last the limbs carry out the action mechanically whenever the juggler wills it.

p. 153, l. 17. **aptitude** = fitness, ability.

p. 153, l. 21. **nicety** = precision—accuracy; here it suggests the idea of "difficulty" also.

p. 154, l. 1. **Locksley in Ivanhoe.** In Scott's novel Locksley, who is really the outlaw Robin Hood in disguise, amazes the spectators at the tournament by his perfect marksmanship as an archer. Modern riflemen in shooting at a target have to "allow for the wind" when there is a cross breeze blowing, just as the ancient archer had.

XXIII. ALL ABOUT A DOG

It was a bitterly cold night, and even at the far end of the bus the east wind that raved along the street cut like a knife. The bus stopped, and two women and a man got in together and filled the vacant places. The younger woman was dressed in sealskin, and carried one of those little Pekinese dogs that women in sealskin like to carry in their laps. The conductor came and took the fares. Then his eye rested with cold malice on the beady-eyed toy dog. I saw trouble brewing. This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting, and he intended to make the most of it. I had marked him as the type of what Mr. Wells has called the Resentful Employee, the man with a general vague grievance against everything, and a particular grievance against passengers who came and sat in his bus while he shivered at the door.

"You must take that dog out," he said with sour venom.

"I shall certainly do nothing of the kind. You can take my name and address," said the woman, who had evidently expected the challenge and knew the reply.

"You must take the dog out—that's my orders."

"I won't go on the top in such weather. It would kill me," said the woman.

"Certainly not," said her lady companion. "You've got a cough as it is."

"It's nonsense," said her male companion.

The conductor pulled the bell and the bus stopped. "This bus doesn't go on until that dog is brought out." And he stepped on the pavement and waited. It was his moment of triumph. He had the law on his side and a busful of angry people under his thumb. His embittered soul was having a real holiday.

The storm inside rose high. "Shameful"; "Why isn't he in the army?"; "Call the police"; "Let's all report him"; "Let's make him give us our fares back"; "Yes, that's it, let's make him give us our fares back." For everybody was on the side of the lady and the dog.

That little animal sat blinking at the dim lights in happy unconsciousness of the rumpus of which he was the cause.

The conductor came to the door. "What's your number?" said one, taking out a pocket-book, with a gesture of terrible things. "There's my number," said the conductor imperturbably. "Give us our fares back—you've engaged to carry us—you can't leave us here all night." "No fares back," said the conductor.

Two or three of the passengers got out and disappeared into the night. The conductor took another turn on the pavement, then went and had a talk with the driver. Another bus, the last on the road, sailed by, indifferent to the shouts of the passengers to stop. "They stick by each other—the villains," was the comment.

Someone pulled the bell violently. That brought the driver round to the door. "Who's conductor of this bus?" he said, and paused for a reply. None coming, he returned to his seat and resumed beating his arms across his chest. There was no hope in that quarter. A policeman strolled up and looked in at the door. An avalanche of indignant protests and appeals burst on him. "Well, he's got his rules, you know," he said genially. "Give your name and address." "That's what he's been offered and he won't take it." "Oh," said the policeman, and he went away and took his stand a few yards down the street, where he was joined by two more constables.

And still the little dog blinked at the lights, and the conductor walked to and fro on the pavement like a captain on the quarter-deck in the hour of victory. A young woman whose voice had risen high above the gale inside, descended on him with an air of threatening and slaughter. He was immovable—as cold as the night and hard as the pavement. She passed on in a fury of impotence to the three policemen, who stood like a group of statuary up the street watching the drama. Then she came back, imperiously beckoned her "young man" who had sat a silent witness of her rage, and vanished. Others followed. The bus was emptying. Even the dashing young fellow who had demanded the number, and who had declared he would see this thing through if he sat there all night, had taken an opportunity to slip away. Meanwhile the Pekinese party were passing through every stage of resistance to abject surrender. "I'll go on the top," said the sealskin lady at last. "You

mustn't." "I will." "You'll have pneumonia." "Let me take it." (This from the man.) "Certainly not"—she would die with her dog. When she had disappeared up the stairs the conductor came back, pulled the bell, and the bus went on. He stood sourly triumphant while his conduct was savagely discussed in his face by the remnant of the party.

Then the engine struck work, and the conductor went to the help of the driver. It was a long job, and presently the lady with the dog stole down the stairs and re-entered the bus. When the engine was put right the conductor came back and pulled the bell. Then his eye fell on the dog, and his hand went to the bell-rope again. The driver looked round, the conductor pointed to the dog, the bus stopped, and the struggle recommenced with all the original features, the conductor walking the pavement, the driver smacking his arm on the box, the little dog blinking at the lights, the sealskin lady declaring that she would *not* go on the top—and finally going. . . .

"I've got my rules," said the conductor to me when I was the last passenger left behind. He had won his victory, but felt that he would like to justify himself to somebody.

"Rules," I said, "are necessary things, but there are rules and rules. Some are hard and fast rules, like the rule of the road, which cannot be broken without danger to life and limb. But some are only rules for your guidance, which you can apply or wink at, as common sense dictates—like that rule about the dogs. They are not a whip put in your hand to scourge your passengers with, but an authority for an emer-

gency. They are meant to be observed in the spirit, not in the letter—for the comfort and not the discomfort of the passengers. You have kept the rule and broken its spirit. You want to mix your rules with a little goodwill and good temper.”

He took it very well, and when I got off the bus he said “Good night,” quite amiably.

ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH, *Leaves in the Wind*.

Alpha of the Plough is the pen name of **Alfred G. Gardiner**, one of the most delightful of living essayists. He is a gentle moralist and kindly humorist who finds subject matter for his essays in passing to and fro among ordinary men in the streets and the trains, in shops and in offices. If we could observe our fellows with his honesty, insight and sympathy, every day would provide us with abundant material for essays like his. The above paper is reprinted, by the author's permission, from *Leaves in the Wind*, published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

p. 158, l. 1. **at the far end of the bus.** The end of the omnibus farthest from the door. Omnibuses are public conveyances to seat about forty people, which run at regular intervals between two fixed stages in large cities. In London there are hundreds of buses constantly running.

p. 158, l. 6. **Pekinese.** A small breed of dogs with long silky hair; they are favourite pets with ladies.

p. 158, l. 7. **sealskin.** A sealskin cloak.

p. 158, l. 9. **I saw trouble brewing.** I felt sure that a dispute would arise. Dogs are not admitted inside a bus.

p. 158, l. 10. **This was . . . waiting.** He was the kind of man who likes to cause trouble when he can legitimately do so; when an opportunity came he always took it.

p. 158, l. 16. **shivered at the door.** The conductor who collects the tickets stands outside the door, behind, and was shivering, it being a cold night. This disadvantageous position he had come to regard as a grievance.

p. 158, l. 17. **with sour venom.** In a tone which showed peevishness and malignity.

p. 158, l. 21. **knew the reply.** Had made up her mind what she would say.

p. 159, l. 3. **It's nonsense.** Note the use of "nonsense"; frequently misused by Indian students. "Nonsense" can only be used in its literal sense, as here. "There is no sense in what he (the conductor) is saying."

p. 159, l. 4. **pulled the bell.** The conductor pulls a cord which rings a bell when he desires the driver to stop the bus.

p. 159, l. 9. **His embittered soul . . . real holiday.** His naturally bitter feelings had for the time being some alleviation; for he was happy in the thought that he was taking his revenge on the passengers.

p. 159, l. 10. **"Why isn't he in the army?"** This essay was written during the war. The suggestion is that he is a coward because he has not enlisted in the army.

p. 159, l. 17. **rumpus.** A vulgarism, like "row" = a disturbance.

p. 159, l. 21. **gesture of terrible things.** Making a significant movement suggesting that he intended to make the conductor suffer for his obstinacy (by reporting his conduct to the Company which ran the bus).

p. 159, l. 31. **"They stick by each other"** = they support one another.

p. 160, l. 7. **An avalanche** = lit. a mass of snow descending rapidly from a mountain, here = "a shower" — "everyone immediately and at the same time protested indignantly."

p. 160, l. 16. **like a captain on the quarter-deck.** The quarter-deck is a special part of the upper deck, in the hinder part of the ship, reserved for the captain.

p. 160, l. 18. **air of threatening and slaughter** = with a threatening expression, and furiously angry.

p. 160, l. 21. **fury of impotence** = her inability to make any impression on the conductor increased her anger to even a higher pitch of fury.

p. 160, l. 22. **group of statuary** = standing in a group as immovable as statues.

p. 160, l. 23. **the drama** = the series of events which in their progress and the interest they evoked resembled a play.

p. 160, l. 24. **"young man"** = the young man to whom she was engaged and who was accompanying her.

p. 160, l. 26. **dashing** = impetuous, bold.

p. 160, l. 30. **the Pekinese party** = the party in the bus who supported the lady with the Pekinese spaniel.

p. 161, l. 16. **with all the original features** = the same scenes were repeated over again.

p. 161, l. 29. **wink at** = pretend not to see that they are being broken.

XXIV. MIDSHIPMAN EASY AND THE FIRST-LIEUTENANT

IN the meantime Mr. Sawbridge, who was not in his uniform, had entered, and perceived Jack alone, with the dinner-table laid out in the best style for eight, a considerable show of plate for even the Fountain Inn, and everything, as well as the apartment itself, according to Mr. Sawbridge's opinion, much more fit for a commander-in-chief than a midshipman of a sloop of war.

Now Mr. Sawbridge was a good officer, one who had really worked his way up to the present rank—that is to say, that he had served seven-and-twenty years, and had nothing but his pay. He was a little soured in the service, and certainly had an aversion to the young men of family who were now fast crowding into it—and with some grounds, as he perceived his own chance of promotion decrease in the same ratio as the numbers increased. He considered that in proportion as midshipmen assumed a cleaner and more gentlemanly appearance, so did they become more useless, and it may therefore be easily imagined that his bile was raised by this parade and display in a lad who was very shortly to be, and ought three weeks before to have been,

shrinking from his frown. Nevertheless, Sawbridge was a good-hearted man, although a little envious of luxury, which he could not pretend to indulge in himself.

"May I beg to ask," said Jack, who was always remarkably polite and gentlemanly in his address, "in what manner I may be of service to you?"

"Yes, sir, you may—by joining your ship immediately. And may I beg to ask in return, sir, what is the reason you have stayed on shore three weeks without joining her?" Hereupon Jack, who did not much admire the peremptory tone of Mr. Sawbridge, and who during the answer had taken a seat, crossed his legs, and played with the gold chain to which the watch was secured, after a pause very coolly replied—

"And pray, who are you?"

"Who am I, sir?" replied Sawbridge, jumping out of his chair. "My name is Sawbridge, sir, and I am the first-lieutenant of the *Harpy*. Now, sir, you have your answer."

Mr. Sawbridge, who imagined that the name of the first-lieutenant would strike terror to a culprit midshipman, threw himself back in the chair and assumed an air of importance.

"Really, sir," replied Jack, "what may be your exact situation on board, my ignorance of the service will not allow me to guess, but if I may judge from your behaviour, you have no small opinion of yourself!"

"Look ye, young man, you may not know what a first-lieutenant is, and I take it for granted

that you do not, by your behaviour; but depend upon it, I'll let you know very soon. In the meantime, sir, I insist upon it, that you go immediately on board."

"I'm sorry that I cannot comply with your very moderate request," replied Jack coolly. "I shall go on board when it suits my convenience, and I beg that you will give yourself no further trouble on my account."

Jack then rang the bell; the waiter, who had been listening outside, immediately entered, and before Mr. Sawbridge, who was dumb with astonishment at Jack's impertinence, could have time to reply—

"Waiter," said Jack, "show this gentleman downstairs."

"By the god of war!" exclaimed the first-lieutenant, "but I'll soon show you down to the boat, my young bantam; and when once I get you safe on board, I'll make you know the difference between a midshipman and a first-lieutenant."

"I can only admit of equality, sir," replied Jack; "we are all born equal—I trust you'll admit that."

"Equality! I suppose you'll take the command of the ship. However, sir, your ignorance will be a little enlightened by-and-by. I shall now go and report your conduct to Captain Wilson; and I tell you plainly that, if you are not on board this evening, to-morrow morning at daylight, I shall send a sergeant and a file of marines to fetch you."

"You may depend upon it, sir," replied Jack, "that I also shall not fail to mention to Captain Wilson that I consider you a very quarrelsome,

impertinent fellow, and recommend him not to allow you to remain on board. It will be quite uncomfortable to be in the same ship with such an ungentelemanly bear."

"He must be mad—quite mad," exclaimed Sawbridge, whose astonishment even mastered his indignation. "Mad as a March hare!"

"No, sir," replied Jack, "I am not mad, but I am a philosopher."

"A *what*?" exclaimed Sawbridge. "What next." "Well, my joker, all the better for you; I shall put your philosophy to the proof."

"It is for that very reason, sir," replied Jack, "that I have decided upon going to sea: and if you do remain on board, I hope to argue the point with you, and make you a convert to the truth of equality and the rights of man."

"By the Lord that made us both, I'll soon make you a convert to the thirty-six articles of war—that is, if you remain on board; but I shall now go to the captain and report your conduct, sir, and leave you to your dinner with what appetite you may."

"Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you; but you need not be afraid of my appetite; I am only sorry, as you happen to belong to the same ship, that I cannot, in justice to the gentlemanly young men whom I expect, ask you to join them. I wish you a very good morning, sir."

"Twenty years have I been in the service," roared Sawbridge, "and—but he's mad—downright, stark, staring mad," and the first-lieutenant bounced out of the room.

Jack was a little astonished himself. Had Mr. Sawbridge made his appearance in uniform it might have been different, but that a plain-looking man, with black whiskers, shaggy hair, and old blue frock-coat and yellow waistcoat, should venture to address him in such a manner was quite incomprehensible. "He calls me mad," thought Jack; "I shall tell Captain Wilson what is my opinion about his lieutenant." Shortly afterwards the company arrived, and Jack soon forgot all about it.

In the meantime Sawbridge called at the captain's lodgings, and found him at home: he made a very faithful report of all that had happened, and concluded his request by demanding, in great wrath, either an instant dismissal or a court-martial on our hero, Jack.

FREDERICK MARRYAT, *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.

Captain Marryat (1792-1848) took part in fifty naval engagements in the years following the Battle of Trafalgar (1805). As a writer of sea-stories he has few superiors. *Mr. Midshipman Easy* (1836), from which book this passage is taken, is instinct with racy humour and dramatic liveliness.

p. 165, l. 3. **in the best style for eight**—the dinner was intended for eight persons, and considerable pains had been taken to give the table a handsome appearance.

p. 165, l. 4. **a considerable show... Fountain Inn**. Although the Fountain Inn was well provided with plate (knives, forks, and other articles of silver used on the dinner table) it was evident that special efforts had been made on this occasion to make a greater display than usual.

p. 165, l. 8. **sloop of war** = a small one-masted ship of war.

p. 165, l. 13. **soured**—having worked his way up under difficulties he was somewhat bitter, or peevish in temper.

p. 165, l. 21. **bile** = anger.

p. 166, l. 20. **the *Harpy*** = the ship which Jack was about to join as a midshipman.

p. 167, l. 18. **bantam**—literally, a small kind of domestic fowl—then “a small but spirited person”; here = “impudent young fellow.”

p. 167, l. 29. **a file of marines**. A file—two men appointed for some special duty; marines are soldiers attached to ships-of-war.

p. 168, l. 4. **bear** = an unmannerly, rough person.

p. 168, l. 7. **mad as a March hare** = a proverbial saying. Hares in the month of March are particularly frolicsome—hence the comparison.

p. 168, l. 19. **the thirty-six articles of war** = laws made originally by the king for the government and discipline of the army and navy—now called military law.

p. 168, l. 30. **stark, staring mad** = utterly and completely mad.

XXV. THE FALLEN

To sum up : I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact ; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. (For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her.) No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city ; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses ; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valour, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died ; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them ; and every one of us who survives should gladly toil on her behalf.

I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because

I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glories. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds when weighed in the balance have been found equal to their fame! Methinks that a death such as theirs has been gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valour with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honourably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer; rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran

away from the word of dishonour, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear but of their glory.

Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you about the advantages of a brave defence, which you know already. But instead of listening to him I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonour always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. } The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; } not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign

good name in man and woman. Her my
Lord is the immediate jewel of their soul.

lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not in stone but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. The unfortunate who has no hope of a change for the better has less reason to throw away his life than the prosperous who, if he survive, is always liable to a change for the worse, and to whom any accidental fall makes the most serious difference. To a man of spirit, cowardice and disaster coming together are far more bitter than death striking him unperceived at a time when he is full of courage and animated by the general hope.

Wherefore I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honour, whether an honourable death like theirs, or an honourable sorrow like yours, and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life. I know how hard it is to make you feel this, when the good fortune of others will too often remind you of the gladness which once lightened your hearts. And sorrow is felt at the want of these blessings, not which a man never knew, but which were a part of his life before they were taken from him. Some of you are at an age at which they may hope to have other children, and they ought to bear their sorrow better; not only will the children who may hereafter be born

make them forget their own lost ones, but the city will be doubly a gainer. She will not be left desolate, and she will be safer. For a man's counsel cannot have equal weight or worth, when he alone has no children to risk in the general danger. To those of you who have passed their prime, I say; "Congratulate yourselves that you have been happy during the greater part of your days; remember that your life of sorrow will not last long, and be comforted by the glory of those who are gone." For the love of honour alone is ever young, and not riches, as some say, but honour is the delight of men when they are old and useless.

To you who are the sons and brothers of the departed, I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. For all men praise the dead, and however pre-eminent your virtue may be, hardly will you be taught, I do not say to equal, but even to approach them. The living have their rivals and detractors, but when a man is out of the way, the honour and good-will which he receives is unalloyed.

I have paid the required tribute, in obedience to the law, making use of such fitting words as I had. The tribute of deeds has been paid in part; for the dead have been honourably interred, and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up: this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons living and dead, after a struggle like theirs. For where the rewards of virtue are greatest, there the noblest citizens are enlisted in the

service of the state. And now, when you have duly lamented every one his own dead, you may depart.

THUCYDIDES, *The History of the Peloponnesian War*, Translated by B. JOWETT.

This fine passage is part of the funeral oration of Pericles pronounced over the Athenians who had been killed in the Peloponnesian War. The speech was delivered in the year 431 B.C., after the Athenians had been at war with the Greeks of the Peloponnesus for a year. The speaker, Pericles, was the most brilliant statesman that Ancient Greece produced. From 440 B.C. till the outbreak of the war he wielded the destinies of Athens, and made her the supreme political power in Greece. He encouraged arts and literature and filled the city with magnificent buildings, so that Athens also became the centre of culture in Europe. The writer of the *History of the Peloponnesian War*, Thucydides, was "the first and greatest of all critical historians. To read the book which Thucydides, the son of Olorus, has bequeathed to posterity is in itself a liberal education; a lesson in politics and history which is, as he aimed to make it, 'a possession for ever.'" The above passage is reprinted by permission of the authorities of Balliol College and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press.

p. 171, l. 1. **Hellas.** The Greeks called themselves Hellenes and their country Hellas. "Greece" is of Latin origin.

p. 171, l. 9. **superior to the report of her** = greater even than she is reported to be.

p. 171, l. 12. **subject**—refers to the numerous cities of Asia Minor and on the Aegean islands which Athens compelled to join the League of which she was at the head.

p. 172, l. 13. **their final seal.** Death in battle establishes a man's character as noble for ever.

p. 172, l. 27. **avenged**—i.e. on their enemies.

p. 172, l. 28. **They resigned to hope . . . themselves alone**—they still hoped that some chance might bring them happiness in the future, but it did not prevent them from behaving nobly in the face of death.

p. 173, l. 21. **the fairest offering...feast.** Pericles exalts the city to the position of a goddess—to whom her devotees, *i.e.* the citizens, make offerings.

p. 174, l. 5. **nicely** = carefully.

p. 174, l. 24. **the good fortune of others**—*i.e.* those whose children are still living.

p. 175, l. 10. **For the love of honour alone is ever young—**
“gives perpetual satisfaction.”

p. 175, l. 23. **in obedience to the law.** By an old national custom the funeral of those who first fell in any war was celebrated by the Athenians at the public charge. The oration by a specially chosen spokesman was also provided for by law.

XXVI. PEACE

WHAT is war? I believe that half the people that talk about war have not the slightest idea of what it is. In a short sentence it may be summed up to be the combination and concentration of all the horrors, atrocities, crimes, and sufferings of which human nature on this globe is capable. But what is even a rumour of war? Is there anybody here who has anything in Government Bonds, or who is the owner of any railway stock, or anybody who has a large stock of raw material or manufactured goods?

Government Bonds have recently gone down 10 per cent. I do not say that the fall is all on account of this danger of war, but a great proportion of it undoubtedly is. A fall of 10 per cent. in Government Bonds is nearly £80,000,000 sterling of value, and railway stock having gone down 20 per cent. makes a difference of £60,000,000 in the value of the railway property of this country. Add the two—£140,000,000—and take the diminished prosperity and value of manufactures of all kinds during the last few months, and you will understate the actual loss to the country now if you put it down at £200,000,000 sterling.

But that is merely a rumour of war. That is war a long way off—the small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand—what will it be if it comes nearer and becomes a fact? And surely sane men ought to consider whether the cause is a good one, the ground fair, the necessity clear, before they drag a nation of nearly 30,000,000 of people into a long bloody struggle, for a decrepit and tottering empire, which all the nations in Europe cannot long sustain.

And, mind, war now would take a different aspect from what it did formerly. It is not only that you send out men who submit to be slaughtered, and that you pay a large amount of taxes—the amount of taxes would be but a feeble indication of what you would suffer. Our trade is now much more extensive than it was; our commerce is more expanded, our undertakings are more vast, and war will find you all out at home by withering up the resources of the prosperity enjoyed by the middle and working classes of the country. You would find that war in 1853 would be infinitely more perilous and destructive to our country than it has ever yet been at any former period of our history.

There is another question which comes home to my mind with a gravity and seriousness which I can scarcely hope to communicate to you. You who lived during the period from 1815 to 1822 may remember that this country was probably never in a more uneasy position. The sufferings of the working classes were beyond description, and the difficulties, and struggles, and bankruptcies of the middle classes were such as few persons have a just idea of. There

was scarcely a year in which there was not an incipient insurrection in some parts of the country, arising from the sufferings which the working classes endured.

Well, if you go into war now you will have more banners to decorate your cathedrals and churches. Englishmen will fight now as well as they ever did, and there is ample power to back them if the country can be but sufficiently excited and deluded. You may raise up great generals. You may have another Wellington, and another Nelson too ; for this country can grow men capable for every enterprise. Then there may be titles, and pensions, and marble monuments to perpetuate the memory of the men who have thus become great ; but what becomes of you and your country, and your children ? For there is more than this in store. That seven years to which I have referred was a period dangerous to the existence of Government in this country, for the whole substratum, the whole foundations of society were discontented, suffering intolerable evils, and hostile in the bitterest degree to the institutions and the Government of the country.

Precisely the same things will come again. Rely on it, that injustice of any kind, be it bad laws, or be it a bloody, unjust, and unnecessary war, of necessity creates perils to every institution in the country. If the tax on corn had been continued, if it had been impossible by peaceful agitation to abolish it, the monarchy itself would not have survived the ruin and disaster that it must have wrought. And if you go into a war now, with a doubled popula-

tion, with a vast commerce, and a wider diffusion of partial education among the people, let there ever come a time like the period between 1815 and 1822, when the whole basis of society is upheaving with a sense of intolerable suffering, I ask you, how many years' purchase would you give even for the venerable and mild monarchy under which you have the happiness to live? I confess when I think of the tremendous perils into which unthinking men—men who do not intend to fight themselves—are willing to drag or to hurry this country, I am amazed how they can trifle with interests so vast, and consequences so much beyond their calculation.

But, speaking here in Edinburgh to such an audience—an audience probably for its numbers as intelligent and as influential as ever was assembled within the walls of any hall in this kingdom—I think I may put before you higher considerations even than those of property and the institutions of your country. I may remind you of duties more solemn, and of obligations more imperative. You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it your boast even—though boasting is somewhat out of place in such questions—you make it your boast that you are a Protestant people, and that you draw your rule of doctrine and practice from a well pure and undefiled, the Bible. Within the limits of this island alone, on every Sunday, 20,000, yes, far more than 20,000 temples are thrown open, in which devout men and women assemble that they may worship Him who is the "Prince of Peace."

Is this a reality? or is your religion a romance?

is your profession a dream? No, I am sure that your religion is not a romance, and I am equally sure that your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you with confidence, and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that we shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely amongst the people; a sense of justice growing up in a soil which hitherto has been deemed unfruitful; and, which will be better than all—the churches of Britain awaking, as it were, from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy, but labour earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time—a blessed time—a time which shall last for ever—when “nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

JOHN BRIGHT, *Speeches*.

This speech was delivered by **John Bright** on October 13th, 1853. The Crimean War broke out on March 28th of the following year and lasted till April 1856.

p. 178, l. 8. **Government Bonds, etc.** . . . The danger of war always tends to make Government Bonds depreciate in value, chiefly because the expenditure connected with war forces Government to issue Loans for which a higher rate of interest has to be paid than in time of peace. This naturally causes the former Government loans on which a lower rate of interest was paid to fall in value. Thus in India during the late war the old Government of India $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. paper fell 30 per cent. as the result of the issue of successive loans at 5 per cent. and $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Other stocks, such as Railway Stock, paying low rates of interest also fall in value. Money becomes dearer, and in

consequence trading concerns, all having to pay more interest on any money they borrow, suffer. Prices rise, there is less money to spend, and so trade declines.

p. 179, l. 2. **the small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand.** The reference is to the Old Testament, 1 Kings, xviii. 44. Just as a tiny cloud may be the sign of a coming storm, so this rumour, though as yet insignificant, is the sign of the oncoming of a disastrous war.

p. 179, l. 8. **decrepit and tottering.** At that time Turkey appeared to be weak and likely to fall to pieces.

p. 179, l. 9. **cannot long sustain.** Time has shown that Bright's belief in Turkey's rapid downfall was wrong.

p. 180, l. 1. **an incipient insurrection.** An attempt at an insurrection—an insurrection which began to show itself but was put down before it gathered force. The conditions described by Bright may be compared with events which have taken place in almost every country of the world since 1918.

p. 180, l. 6. **banners to decorate your cathedrals.** Standards used by regiments in war, or those captured from the enemy, are frequently hung up in churches in European countries.

p. 180, l. 19. **the whole substratum.** Lit. "that which lies beneath," basis, foundation. "Society was thoroughly discontented at heart."

p. 180, l. 28. **the tax on corn.** The duties on the import of corn were repealed in 1846. Agitations against these duties started in 1841.

p. 181, l. 5. **how many years' purchase.** Lit. supposing anyone were to offer to buy the monarchy, how many years enjoyment of it would he be ready to pay for? "How long do you consider the monarchy would last?"

p. 181, l. 31. **Prince of Peace.** A title applied by the Jews to their expected Messiah—"Saviour," identified by Christians with Christ.

p. 182, l. 1. **your profession** = what you profess—i.e. that Christians should maintain peace on the earth.

p. 182, l. 12. **girding up their loins.** A metaphor from the Bible. The Jews wore long loose garments; when they were about to perform any vigorous action they drew them tightly round their waists in order to give their legs free play: so—"actively preparing themselves."

p. 182, l. 16. **when "nation shall not . . . any more."** A quotation from Isaiah ii. 4.

XXVII. THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

[THERE once lived three brothers, Schwartz and Hans who were bad characters and Gluck who was good and kind. Once Gluck, against his brothers' orders, had shown hospitality to a stranger—a queer little man who called himself “South West Wind Esq.”—and who punished the wicked brothers afterwards by wrecking their house and making a desert of the once fertile mountain valley from which they got their living. The three brothers then went to the city to work as gold-smiths, but the two elder drank so much that they were all soon reduced to poverty. The only possession left to them was a curious old drinking mug belonging to Gluck and when he at last reluctantly put it in the melting pot, out jumped a little golden dwarf. This was the King of the Golden River and he told Gluck that for him who would climb to the top of the mountain and throw three drops of holy water into the river there that gleamed golden in the sunset, for him the river would become real gold. But anyone who threw unholy water would be overwhelmed by the river and become a black stone. The two elder brothers fought so desperately as to who should try his fortune

first, that Schwartz was taken before the magistrate and cast into prison.]

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to church in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water in a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?" Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—

their lower cliffs in pale grey shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapour, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy colour along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fingers of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was ex-

cessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with

the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half

empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path before him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark grey cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hill-side, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a grey-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impregnable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged towards the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of

the sunset: they shook their crest like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over.

JOHN RUSKIN.

The story goes that a little girl challenged the young Ruskin, then engrossed in drawing and geology, to write a fairy tale, upon which he produced at a couple of sittings *The King of the Golden River* (1841). Ruskin called it "a fairly good imitation of Grimm and Dickens, mixed with a little Alpine feeling of my own." It may be added that Ruskin emphasises the moral meaning of his tale in a manner which owes nothing to his two models.

p. 185, l. 18. **holy water.** Water which has been consecrated or blessed by the priest is kept in Catholic churches: with it the congregation is sprinkled.

p. 186, l. 26. **till it frothed again.** Till it foamed as often as he shook it.

p. 187, l. 2. **gradually ascending till . . . pine.** The higher slopes of the mountains reflected back the sunlight, the sun being behind them, the angular ridges glowing with the brightest colour. Through the lines of pine trees which grew along the tops of some of these ridges the sunbeams issued in long shafts of light. The pines stood on the mountain-top like a row of spears.

p. 187, l. 7. **splintered . . . fantastic forms.** Splintered, jagged, shivered, express the strange shattered appearance of the higher mountain ridges. They are cracked and split in all directions through the action of frost.

p. 187, l. 9. **streak of sunlit snow . . . forked lightning.** The patch of snow in the sunlight streaking from the top down into one of the chasms is zigzag in shape like lightning.

p. 187, l. 17. **like slow smoke.** The perpetual cloud of thin spray which is always seen above a waterfall has the appearance of smoke or mist.

p. 187, l. 26. **glacier.** A slowly-moving mass of ice formed by the accumulation of snow in mountainous regions: in summer a glacier becomes the source of a stream. The surface of a glacier is frequently broken up into chasms, and it is usually rough, so that the crossing of a glacier is a difficult and dangerous undertaking.

p. 188, l. 4. **drifting passages.** A prolonged series of notes.

p. 188, l. 10. **expression.** They seemed to be capable of expressing certain feelings like human beings.

p. 188, l. 12. **deceitful** = deceptive.

p. 188, l. 12. **lurid** = glaring and awe-inspiring, like the effect produced by a bright flash of lightning.

p. 188, l. 13. **played** = moved rapidly.

p. 188, l. 13. **the pale blue pinnacles.** The tops of the masses of ice scattered over and around the glacier—they appear to be of a beautiful light blue colour in the sunlight. As the day advances and the sun grows hotter these gradually melt, sometimes toppling over with a loud crash.

p. 188, l. 24. **panic terror** = a terror which suddenly lays hold of a man without any apparent cause. Sometimes it spreads through a crowd from man to man.

p. 188, l. 32. **recruited** = gave fresh vigour to.

p. 189, l. 27. **the high hill air.** Owing to the air becoming rarified (less dense in volume) at high altitudes, breathing becomes a matter of difficulty, one cannot take in enough oxygen with each breath. So explorers of high mountains carry oxygen in cylinders with them.

p. 190, l. 29. **plunged** = sank rapidly.

XXVIII. ILYAS

NEAR Ufa in Eastern Russia there lived a Bashkir called Ilyas. His father had died a poor man, leaving him nothing ; but Ilyas, who at that time already had seven mares, two cows and twenty sheep, proved a good master and began to increase his possessions. He and his wife worked hard from morning to night, rising earlier than their neighbours and going to bed later ; and they grew richer from year to year.

Soon Ilyas possessed two hundred horses, one hundred and fifty cattle, and twelve hundred sheep. He had many hired servants for his herds and flocks, including women to milk the mares and cows and to make kumiss, butter and cheese. Ilyas lacked nothing, and everyone of his neighbours envied him, saying :

“ Ilyas is a lucky fellow. He has all that he can desire.”

Ilyas had many friends ; guests came to him from far and near and he entertained them all with lavish hospitality. No matter who he was, the stranger would be regaled with kumiss and tea, sherbet and mutton. If the guests were few, a sheep or two would be killed for them ; if many, a mare.

Ilyas had two sons and one daughter, all of whom he had married off. In the days of his poverty his

sons had worked for him, herding the horses, the cattle, and the sheep. But prosperity spoiled the sons, and one of them, the elder, took to drink and was killed in a scuffle. The other, the younger, had a proud wife who prompted him to disobey his father and demand his inheritance. Ilyas gave him a house and a portion of his flocks and herds.

Soon after this a plague fell on the old man's sheep, so that they died by hundreds. Then followed a bad year; the hay crop failed in the summer, and in the winter many of his cattle perished. Finally nomad robbers came and drove off his best herd of horses.

Thus Ilyas became poorer and poorer; and his bodily strength also began to fail.

At the age of seventy he began to sell off his furs, rugs, saddles, tents, and finally his live-stock, until he was face to face with want, and in his old age was forced to go to live with strangers. All that remained of his rich fortune were the clothes that covered him, a fur coat, a cap, his morocco leather slippers, and his wife Sham-shemagi, who was now an old woman. The son, to whom he had given his portion, had gone to a far country, and his only daughter was dead. There was no one to whom they could look for help.

But their good neighbour, Muhammad Shah, who was comfortably off, took pity on them and said:

"Come with your wife and live with me. In summer work in the garden as your strength allows; in the winter feed the cattle while Sham-shemagi milks the mares and makes kumiss. I will give you food and clothing and whatever else you may need."

Ilyas thanked his neighbour, and he and his wife lived with Muhammad Shah as his hired servants. At first it was difficult for them, but they got used to it in time and both worked as hard as they were able. Because they had been masters themselves, they proved profitable servants, knowing the right things to do and not sparing themselves; but Muhammad Shah grieved to see them thus brought down in the world.

One day visitors from a distance came along with the mulla to call on Muhammad Shah. He ordered a sheep to be caught and killed for them, and Ilyas skinned and cooked it and sent it in to the guests. After they had eaten the mutton and drunk tea, the host and guests together were sitting on cushions and rugs, talking and drinking kumiss out of bowls. Muhammad Shah saw Ilyas walk past the door after having finished his task, and he remarked to one of his guests :

"Did you notice that old man who went past just now? Now, he was once the richest man in the neighbourhood. Perhaps you have heard of him; Ilyas is his name."

"Of course I have," answered the guest, "I have never met him personally, but his name was known far and near."

"Well, now he is as poor as poor can be. He works for me, and so does his wife—she milks the mares and cows."

The guest was amazed to hear this. With a click of his tongue and a shake of the head he remarked sententiously :

"Fortune is evidently a wheel, raising up one man and setting down another. And does the old man bewail his fate?"

"That I cannot tell. I only know he is a quiet and peaceable man and a hard worker."

Then said the guest:

"I should like to speak to him and question him about his life, if I may."

"Of course, you may," replied Muhammad Shah, "Come along in, grandfather, and drink some kumiss, and bring your wife with you."

The old couple entered. Ilyas exchanged salutations with the guests and with his master, repeated a prayer, and sat down by the door, while his wife went behind the curtain to sit with her mistress. A bowl of kumiss was handed to Ilyas, who saluted the company again, bowed, drank a little and put the bowl down.

"Grandfather," began the interested guest, "I suppose you are sad when you look at us and remember the old days, comparing your present hard lot with your former prosperity."

But Ilyas smiled and said:

"If I were to tell you what I think now about happiness and unhappiness you would not believe me. You had better ask my wife. She is a woman, and what is in her heart is on her tongue. She will tell you the whole truth."

And the guest said to her through the curtain:

"Well, granny, tell us your opinion of your former prosperity and your present hard lot."

"This is my opinion," said Sham-shemagi. "For

fifty years my husband and I sought happiness and we did not find it. Now, when for two years we have had no possessions and have had to live as hired servants, we have found that happiness which we sought so long and fruitlessly."

They all marvelled at her words and Muhammad Shah even got up to look through the curtain at the old woman. She was standing with folded hands smiling at her husband, and the old man was smiling back.

"I am not joking," she went on, "but am telling the simple truth. We sought happiness for fifty years, and all the days of our prosperity we did not find it. Now that we have nothing and are the servants of another we have found such happiness that we wish for no more."

"What is the secret of this happiness of yours?"

"It is this. When we were rich, my husband and I had no rest, no, not for an hour. Our cares were so many we had no time to talk together, to think of our souls, or to pray. We had to think of the entertainment of our guests and of our presents to them, a fitting one for each. When the guests were gone we had to look after our men. They thought only of food and of how to shirk work, while we, in our sin, thought only of our possessions. Sometimes we were afraid of wolves, sometimes of thieves, and in our anxiety lest the sheep should crush the lambs, we often could not sleep. We would get up in the night and prowl round; and when the lambs were safe we would then find a new anxiety—how to get fodder for the winter. Worse than all these cares,

my husband and I did not see eye to eye. We used to disagree about how certain things ought to be done, and then we would fall to quarrelling and to sin. Thus life was but one care after another, and happiness was far from us."

"Well, and now?"

"Now my husband and I get up, talk together in peace and agreement, for we have nothing to worry or quarrel about. Our only care is how best to serve our master. We work with a will as our strength allows, that our master shall not lose, but profit by us. After work there is dinner ready for us, and supper and kumiss. If it is cold there is dung for a fire and fur coats to wrap round us. For fifty years we sought happiness and only now have we found it."

The guests all laughed, but Ilyas said:

"Do not laugh, brother! This is not a joke, but human experience. When we lost our fortune, my wife and I foolishly wept for it; but God revealed the truth to us, and now we make it known to you, not as a joke, but for your good."

"Ilyas has spoken wisely," said the mulla, "and has told the plain truth: So it is written in the Holy Book."

Then the guests ceased to laugh, and pondered over what they had heard.

LEO TOLSTOY, *Parables*.

Tolstoy (1828-1910), Russian writer and teacher, whose work, both by its substance and its artistic power, has affected all nations and given him a place among the great creators of the world. He wrote novels, plays, autobiography, tracts and pamphlets, but nothing of so universal

an appeal as the simple parables or didactic stories, which he addressed especially to the humble, uneducated millions of his fellow-countrymen. *Ilyas* is one of these parables.

p. 193, l. 1. The **Bashkirs** are a semi-nomadic people of Mongol origin living on the slopes of the Ural Mountains. They profess Muhammadanism.

p. 193, l. 13. **kumiss**. Fermented mare's milk drunk by the nomadic tribes of Central Asia. Mare's flesh is also eaten by them.

p. 194, l. 20. **morocco leather**. A soft form of leather often used for binding books.

p. 195, l. 30. **with a click of his tongue**. A gesture expressive of surprise and pity.

p. 195, l. 31. **remarked sententiously**. Expressed himself briefly and in the fashion of a proverb.

p. 196, l. 10. **grandfather**. A playful term of familiarity.

p. 197, l. 30. **prowl**—go looking round anxiously.

p. 198, l. 1. **did not see eye to eye** = we did not hold the same opinions on certain subjects.

p. 198, l. 23. **the Holy Book** = the Qoran.

XXIX. THE DUEL

THE next eight years I passed at the Petrograd Military Academy. In my new surroundings, although nothing faded completely from my memory, many of childhood's impressions grew dim, and the new habits and opinions that took their place, transformed me into an absurd, cruel, almost savage being. The outer gloss of courtesy and polite manners I did indeed acquire along with the French language, but in common with all my schoolfellows I regarded our soldier servants as inferior animals, and being the most impressionable boy in the school, I was, perhaps, also the most overbearing. By the time we left school as officers we were ready to lay down our lives for the honour of our regiment, but of the real meaning of honour we knew nothing. True honour, indeed, had we known its meaning, would have been matter for our ridicule, whereas we gloried in drinking, debauchery, and daredevilry. I do not say that we were evil. We were all well-meaning young fellows, but our conduct was wicked, and I, chiefly because I had come into money and had plunged with all the recklessness of youth into a life of self-gratification, was the worst of them all.

At that time I was a great reader, and although

the Bible was the one book I almost never opened, something kept me from parting with it and I carried it about with me everywhere. Verily, though I knew it not, I was keeping that book "for the day and the hour, the month and the year."

After four years of this kind of life I found myself stationed with my regiment in the town of K. The people who formed the large and varied society of that town, were rich, hospitable, and gay, and my own natural gaiety and reputation for wealth (which as you know goes a very long way in the world) secured me a cordial welcome everywhere.

Then came the turning point in my life. I became intimate with a beautiful and accomplished girl of a rare and noble nature, whose parents were people of considerable wealth, influence, and standing in the town. They always made me heartily welcome at their house and, what set my heart on fire, I fancied that their daughter regarded me with favour.

In after days I realised that I had, perhaps, not been so passionately in love with her as I had thought, but had been simply inspired with the reverence due to her rare qualities of mind and character. Selfish motives, moreover, kept me at that time from asking her to marry me, for I could not bear the idea of giving up the free and dissolute life of a well-to-do young bachelor, and so, though I did drop certain hints, I delayed taking the decisive step. Then, without warning, I was sent on two months' duty to another district. On my return I found her married to a rich neighbouring landowner who, though many years my senior, was still young, who,

unlike me, moved in the best Petrograd society, and who was possessed of a charm and, better than that, of a culture to which I could lay no claim.

This unexpected blow, combined with the news that the two had been long engaged, completely stunned me. I had often met the young landowner at their house, but in the blindness of my conceit I had noticed nothing, and it particularly mortified me to realize that I alone had been ignorant of what the whole world knew.

I was furious. Hot with shame I began to go over the many times I had been on the point of declaring my love, and concluded that, as she had never stopped or warned me, she had been laughing at me all the time. On later reflection, of course, I remembered that she had been very far from laughing at me, but had always lightly interrupted my love-making and changed the subject. But I failed to see that then and burned for revenge.

Yet strangely enough my wrath and thirst for vengeance were burdensome to me because my easy-going nature made it very difficult for me to be angry with anyone for long. I had to keep goading myself to the task, and eventually became warped and simply ridiculous. I bided my time, however, and at length, on what seemed to be a side-issue, succeeded in insulting my "rival" before a large company of people. I ridiculed his view of an important contemporary event (it was the year 1826) and my hit was considered both witty and effective. Then I forced him to demand an explanation, and in giving it, behaved so rudely that, despite the great

difference in our age, rank, and standing, he accepted my challenge.

I afterwards learned that he did so because he was no less jealous of me than I of him. He had been a little jealous of me on his wife's account before marriage, and now he fancied that if she found out that he had swallowed an insult from me without calling me out, she would begin to despise and cease to love him.

I had no difficulty in inducing one of my fellow subalterns to act as my second, for duelling, notwithstanding the very severe penalties against it, was in those days almost the fashion in military circles. So persistent and deep-rooted are our savage instincts!

It was now the end of June, and our meeting was to take place the following morning on the outskirts of the town.

That night decided my fate. I had returned home in the evening in a savage humour, and in a moment of annoyance with my servant Afanasy, I struck him twice with all my force in the face, so that it was covered with blood. Afanasy had not been long with me, and though I had struck him before I had never done so with such brutality. It happened forty years ago, but believe me, dear friends, I cannot recall the scene now without shame and anguish. I went to bed, slept for about three hours, and awoke as day was breaking. I could sleep no more. I arose and opened the window that looked on the garden. The sun was rising, it was warm and beautiful, and the birds were singing.

Why, I pondered, do I feel myself so base and vile? Is it because I am about to shed blood? No, I do not think it is that. Is it because I am afraid to die, afraid of being killed? No, that is not the reason, it is not that at all, and all at once the truth flashed upon me: it was because I had struck Afanasy.

The whole scene in every detail came back to me in a new light. He stands before me. He holds himself strictly to attention, arms down, head erect, eyes fixed upon me as on parade. The blows stagger him, yet he does not even raise his arm to protect himself. It is a man who has been brought to this, and it is a man who is beating his fellow-man.

The thought stabbed me. I stood dumbfounded, and the dear sun was shining, the bright leaves rejoicing, and the birds, the little birds even, were praising God. Burying my face in my hands, I threw myself on the bed and wept bitterly.

Then I remembered my brother Markel and the words that he spoke on his death-bed to his servants: "My dear ones, why do you serve me, why do you love me, am I worth it?" "Yes, am I worth it?" echoed in my heart. In very truth wherein am I worthy that a fellow-man made like me in the image of God should serve me? That thought for the first time in my life forced itself upon me. "Dear Mother mine," my brother had gone on to say, "verily each one of us is responsible to all men and for all men, only we do not know it. If man but knew this, there would be Heaven upon Earth."

"Oh, God," I thought weeping, "surely this too is not false. In truth, it may be that I, more than any man, am responsible for all and chief of sinners in this world." And all at once the whole truth and significance of what I was about to do was borne in upon me. I was going forth to kill a good, able, noble man, who had done me no wrong, and by depriving his wife of happiness for ever I should be torturing and killing her too. I lay prone on my bed, my face buried in the pillow and time passed unheeded.

My second arrived with the pistols to fetch me. "Good," he said, "you are up, it is time, come along!" In an agony of indecision I hurried to and fro but eventually accompanied him to the carriage.

"Wait here a moment," I said to him then, "I'll be back in a second, I have forgotten my purse," and I ran back alone to Afanasy's little room.

"Afanasy," I said, "yesterday I struck you on the face twice; forgive me." He started as if afraid and gazed at me in amazement. It was not enough, and so, just as I was, in full officer's uniform, I bowed to the ground before him.

It was now his turn to stand dumbfounded.

"Your honour, Sir, what are you doing . . . am I worth it?" and just as I had done he burst into tears and, burying his face in his hands, turned, shaken by his sobbing, to the window.

I rushed out to my comrade, jumped into the carriage, and off we went.

"Have you ever seen a conqueror before?" I shouted, "for you see one now," and in the highest

spirits I laughed and talked, I don't remember about what, the whole way.

"You are a plucky fellow," said he, looking at me, "the uniform won't be disgraced by you."

When we reached the spot our opponents were there waiting. The lot of first shot fell to my rival, and we took up our positions twelve paces apart. I stood looking at him gaily and lovingly full in the face, for I now knew what I would do. His shot just scratched my cheek and grazed my ear.

"Thank God! no one has been killed," I cried, and turning about I took my pistol and threw it far into the wood with a shout of "That's the place for you." I turned again to my adversary.

"Sir," I said, "forgive me for a young fool who has gratuitously insulted you, and has but now forced you to fire at him. You are ten times and more the better man. Tell that to her whom you hold dearest in the world."

At this all three began to shout at me.

"Why on earth," began my adversary, thoroughly annoyed, "did you cause all this trouble, if you did not mean to fight?"

"Yesterday," I made answer gaily, "I was a fool, and I only came to my senses to-day."

"As to yesterday I believe you," said he, "but it is difficult to agree about to-day."

"Bravo," I shouted, clapping my hands, "there you are right again, I deserve it."

"Now, Sir, will you fire or not?" he demanded.

"No, I won't," I said, "you can fire again if you like but it would be better not to."

The seconds were also shouting, especially mine.

"How can you disgrace the regiment like this, asking pardon in the course of a duel? If I had only known!"

I stood there before them all, no longer laughing, and said gravely: "Gentlemen, is it so extraordinary in these days to find a man repent of his folly and make public confession of his wrong-doing?"

"Yes, but not in the duel," cried my second again.

"But that is just what is extraordinary," I answered, "for I ought to have owned up as soon as I got here, before a shot had been fired, before I had made him commit a deadly sin, but, so grotesque are our conventions, that to have acted in that way would have been almost impossible. Only after I had faced his fire at twelve paces could my words mean anything to him. If I had spoken before, he would have said: 'He is simply a coward whom the pistols have scared.'"

"Gentlemen," I said with conviction, "look around you on the gifts of God, the clear sky, pure air, tender grass, the little birds. Nature is beautiful and sinless. We alone are godless and foolishly unable to understand that life is heaven. We have only to wish to understand that and heaven will draw near in all its beauty, and we shall embrace each other with tears." I would have said more but could not, so overpowered was I by the sweetness and freshness that flooded my heart with a blissful happiness I had never known before.

"That is all very true and edifying," said my

adversary, "and you are certainly unconventional and original."

"Laugh away," I said, laughing too, "you will come to approve of what I have done."

"I am ready to do that now," said he. "I believe you to be genuinely sincere, and would like to shake hands with you."

"No, that would be idle," I said. "In time to come, when my better actions have earned me your regard, then offer me your hand and it will be well."

On the return journey my second upbraided me the whole way. My only reply was to kiss him. No sooner had my fellow officers been informed than they assembled to pass judgment on me that very day. The general opinion was that I had disgraced my uniform and must resign my commission. Some, indeed, stood up for me, insisting that I had faced fire without flinching. "Yes," said the others, "but he feared to face more than one shot, and in the course of the duel begged his opponent's pardon."

"If he had been afraid to face a second shot," my defenders retorted, "he would have fired his own pistol, whereas he threw it loaded, as it was, into the wood. That was strange, if you like, but it was not cowardice."

I listened and looked on, glad at heart.

"Dear friends and comrades," I said, "do not worry about my resignation, because I have already sent in my papers, and as soon as I am allowed, I shall retire to a monastery. That is why I am seeking my discharge."

At this they all burst out laughing with one accord.

"You should have told us this at the beginning," they said. "It settles everything. We cannot pass sentence on a monk, you know," and they gave full vent to their laughter, not now in scorn, but kindly and cheerily. All of them, even my most rabid accusers, took me to their hearts from that moment, and all that month till my discharge arrived made a special pet of me.

Every one had a kindly word for me.

"O you monk," they would laugh, or they would express regret at the sacrifice I was about to make, and would try to dissuade me from my purpose, or they would defend me, saying:

"No, he is our brave comrade, he faced the shot and could have fired himself, but it came to him in a dream the night before that he should become a monk, and that is why he acted as he did."

Our friends in the town adopted a similar attitude. Formerly a welcome guest everywhere no special attention had been paid to me, but now, all at once, every one vied in showering invitations upon me. They all laughed at me, but they loved me.

I should mention here that, though the duel was openly discussed everywhere, the authorities took no official notice of it. As my adversary was the general's near kinsman, as the duel had passed off without bloodshed or serious consequence, and, finally, as I had resigned my commission, they agreed to treat the whole matter as a joke.

Regardless of the general laughter, which was always kindly and never malicious, I began to express myself openly and fearlessly. These discussions

took place chiefly in the evenings when ladies were present. They loved to listen to me, and they made the men pay attention.

"How can I be responsible for all men?" they would laugh at me. "Can I really be responsible for you?"

"How," I made answer, "can you possibly understand that you are when the whole world has long thought and acted otherwise, when we count the veriest lies as true, and demand similar lies from our neighbours? Here have I for once in my life acted sincerely, and at once you take me for a madman. You have indeed taken me to your hearts, but you see how you all laugh at me."

"But how can we help taking a person like you to our hearts?" said my hostess, laughing in the crowded room.

Then suddenly she, on whose account the duel had been fought, and whom so recently I had hoped to make my bride, rose from among the ladies (I had not noticed her arrival), approached me and held out her hand.

"Let me tell you," she said, "that I am the first not to laugh at you. On the contrary with tears I thank you and declare my respect for you and for your action." Her husband came up too, and then they all gathered round me and almost kissed me.

FEDOR DOSTOYEVSKY, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Dostoyevsky (1821-1881) ranks in Russian literature with Tolstoy. Their work has become part of the universal inheritance of all nations; it appeals as no other modern literature does equally to the East and to the West. "The

Duel" is from Dostoyevsky's greatest novel, *The Brothers Karamazov*. The saint Zossima on his deathbed is telling his young disciple, Alyosha, the story of his past life, and how this duel caused him to resign his commission in the Russian army in order to lead the life of an ascetic monk.

p. 200, l. 7. **The outer gloss of courtesy.** The polite and considerate behaviour which I practised was superficial only.

p. 201, l. 4. **I was keeping that book "for the day ... the year."**—"I was keeping it until the special hour of the special day of the special month of the special year should arrive in which I was to be convinced of my worthless way of living." Zossima subsequently led the life of an ascetic.

p. 202, l. 28. **an important contemporary event.** The unsuccessful "Decembrist" rising, engineered chiefly by a group of liberal and radical officers of the Russian army in December 1825.

p. 202, l. 30. **my hit** = my sarcastic remark—stroke of sarcasm.

p. 204, l. 20. **Markel.** Markel had in his youth held all religion in the greatest contempt: he had subsequently been attacked by consumption, and had changed his views completely. During the last months of his life he had conceived an intense love for all living things.

p. 207, l. 3. **asking pardon in the course of a duel.** This according to the custom of the time was considered cowardly, or at least inconsistent with the conduct of a gentleman.

p. 210, l. 13. **taken me to your hearts** = became fond of me.

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